

For the Canadian Woman

February 1954

Chatelaine

20 Cents

THE WOMEN OF WINNIPEG

Everybody wants to raise
the Queen's children

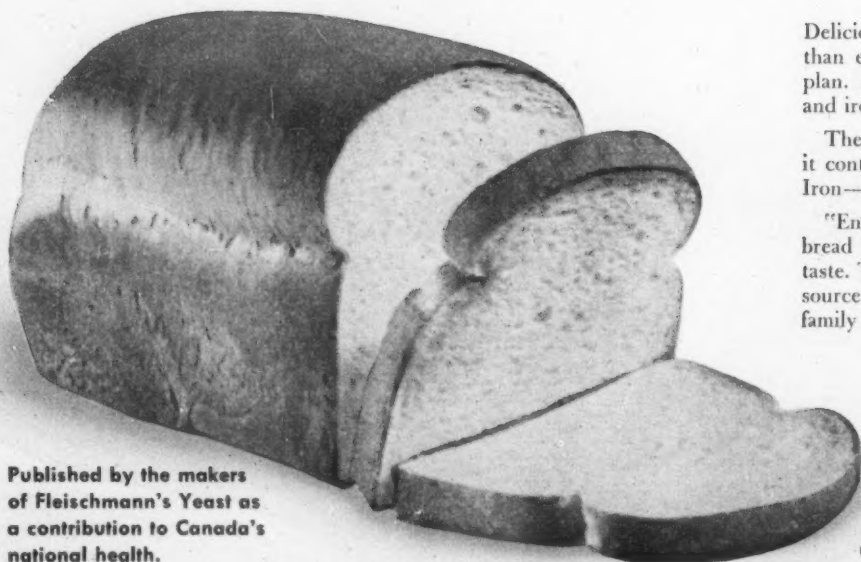
WITH COLOR PORTRAIT

ON PAGE 20





Your Baker *now supplies* *a Better Bread for your family!*



Published by the makers
of Fleischmann's Yeast as
a contribution to Canada's
national health.

Delicious, tender-crust bread is more important than ever now as the starting point of each meal you plan. For it's been chosen to supply extra B-vitamins and iron to the nation's diet!

The "Enriched" label on your baker's loaf means that it contains additional Thiamine, Niacin, Riboflavin and Iron—important protective factors for all your family!

"Enriched" White Bread is the same as regular white bread in whiteness and lightness, texture and delicious taste. The same in *calories*—and in *cost*. The same grand source of economical food energy and protein. See your family gets plenty. *It's better for them!*

*Enriched with
3 Vitamins and Iron*



Chatelaine Centre



THE WOMAN AT WORK above and the man at work, above right, are currently teamed up on the most exciting nationwide project Chatelaine has undertaken in years.

The woman is staff writer Doris McCubbin, the man is photographer Paul Rockett and their ambitious assignment is to picture-profile the most colorful, the most interesting, the most glamorous and the most accomplished women contributing to the pulsing life of Canadian communities across the country. They started at mid-continent and you can start their five-page word-and-photo story about The Women of Winnipeg on page 11 of this issue.

This declares, in part, that the women of Winnipeg are rivaled only by the atom for energy, that they run

935 clubs for doing Good and shoot ducks for relaxation. And it thereby confirms the conviction which inspired Chatelaine's editors to launch the feature: That the women of Canada vary as sharply in character and personality as the communities in which they live. Preliminary researches by the writer-photographer team in such other centres as London, Vancouver and Halifax leave no doubt in the matter.

Calgary-born Doris McCubbin has already established her aptness at delineating character, male and female, in such recent Chatelaine articles as They All Want to Walk Like Willy, and What Every Young Woman Should Know About Offices. Her physical stamina, pretested by Chatelaine trips to Halifax, Vancouver,

Uranium City and New Orleans, will get a rugged workout in the new series, for she must keep one jump ahead of Paul Rockett, one of the most talented and certainly the most energetic photographer in Canada.

Rockett has a special and famed skill in photographing the Canadian Woman that has been demonstrated in numerous Chatelaine features. And how he works to do it! Rockett took 269 pictures of dancer Barbara Ferguson (bottom left) in three days, 244 photos of Airwoman Geraldine Campbell (second left) in twenty-seven hours. To catch band singer Marie-Hélène Chevrier (third left) in action he entirely disrupted the supper dance at the Royal York Hotel. In Winnipeg he restricted himself to a modest 110 photos of seventeen

women—but to his chagrin missed the most prominent woman because she was out of town. Just for the record, Chatelaine obtained the picture of Mrs. James A. Richardson (below) from Winnipeg photographer Harold White. The only other picture on this page not taken by Paul Rockett, directly above, also gives you an advance peek at a Woman of Pugwash, N.S. On our April cover you'll see Rockett's beautiful color photo of Marion Clarke, who not only won Chatelaine's nationwide "beauty makeover" contest but became the Canadian Cinderella of the year when she unexpectedly won a year's television contract with CBC during her visit to Chatelaine in Toronto. More about that in April . . . and also The Women of London, Ont.



JOHN CLARE, Editor
RUTH SCHWARTZ, Associate Editor
A. STANLEY FURNIVAL, Art Director
GERALD ANGLIN, Managing Editor
MARIE HOLMES, Director Chatelaine Institute
ROSEMARY BOXER, Beauty and Fashion Editor
DORIS McCUBBIN, Assistant Editor
MARGARET NEWCOMBE, Assistant Editor
JEAN YACK, Assistant Editor
RON BUTLER, Assistant to the Art Director
ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M. D., Child Health

N. ROY PERRY, Manager
C. J. LAURIN, Business Manager
NOEL R. BARBOUR, Advertising Manager
GEORGE V. LAUGHTON, Circulation Director
B. WES. SPICER, Advertising Production Manager
JOHN F. FOY, Circulation Manager

HEY, MOM!
Where's the Listerine?
We've got Sore Throats!



Among the "Secondary Invaders" Are Germs of the Pneumonia and "Strep" Types.

These, and other "secondary invaders," as well as germ-types not shown, can be quickly reduced in number by the Listerine Antiseptic gargle.



(1) Pneumococcus Type III, (2) Hemophilus influenzae, (3) Streptococcus pyogenes, (4) Pneumococcus Type II, (5) Streptococcus salivarius.

Prompt Action...

can often help head them off
or lessen their severity

WHATEVER ELSE YOU DO, gargle Listerine Antiseptic at the first hint of a sneeze, snuffle, cough or scratchy throat due to a cold.

Kills Germs on Throat Surfaces

Listerine Antiseptic reaches way back on throat surfaces to kill millions of germs, including those called "secondary invaders." (See panel above.) These are the very bacteria that often are responsible for so much of a cold's misery when they stage a mass invasion of the body through throat tissues.

Listerine Antiseptic is so efficient because, used early and often, it frequently helps halt such a mass invasion... helps nip the cold in the bud, so to speak.

Fewer Colds and Sore Throats in Tests

Remember, tests made over a 12-year period in great industrial plants disclosed this record: That twice-a-day Listerine Antiseptic users had fewer colds, generally milder colds, and fewer sore throats than non-users.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co. (Canada) Ltd.

At the first sign of a cold or sore throat—

LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC—Quick!

Made in Canada

Chatelaine



Vol. 27 No. 2

Our favorite cover girl has really grown up since you saw her in her bath on our October cover. She's Gigi, daughter of photographer Desmond Russell, who took this picture, too.

Chatelaine

FEBRUARY

1954

FICTION

- 16 The Roots of the Heart Grow Deep... L. Johanne Stemo
- 22 An Eye to See... Roberta Engle Peters

GENERAL ARTICLES

- 4 How to Tell Your Child a Bedtime Story... Lorrie McLaughlin
- 11 The Women of Winnipeg... Doris McCubbin and Paul Rockett
- 18 What Every Young Woman Should Know About Neighbors... June Callwood
- 20 Everyone Wants to Raise the Queen's Children... Marjorie Earl
- 26 Never Dawned a Day So Bright... Kate Aitken

REGULAR FEATURES

- 1 Chatelaine Centre
- 3 Reader Takes Over

FASHION & BEAUTY

- 8 Memo from Rosemary
- 28 Put on Your Own Fashion Show... Rosemary Boxer
- 64 Get Set for Spring (pattern)

HOUSEKEEPING

- 24 Fruit You Can Pick in Your Kitchen... Marie Holmes
- 34 Meals of the Month

HOME PLANNING

- 60 Look What's Happening to Living: Within Four Walls... Laura Harris

NEEDLECRAFT

- 58 Huck-a-Back Cushion
- 62 Blue Willow Luncheon Cloth

YOUNG PARENTS

- 67 Help Your Child to Sleep Well... Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

Printed and published by MACLEAN-HUNTER PUBLISHING COMPANY LTD., 481 University Avenue, Toronto 2, Canada. Founded in 1887 by John Bayne Maclean. HORACE T. HUNTER, Chairman of the Board, FLOYD S. CHALMERS, President, DONALD F. HUNTER, Vice-President and Managing Director, THOMAS H. HOWSE, Vice-President and Comptroller. MONTREAL OFFICE: 1242 Peel St., Montreal 2, P.Q.; EUROPEAN OFFICE: Maclean-Hunter Limited, Wellington House, 125 Strand, London, W.C.2. Telephone Temple Bar 1616; Telegraph, Atabek, London; U.S.A.: Maclean-Hunter Publishing Corporation, 322 Fifth Avenue, New York 38. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: In Canada, 1 year \$2.00; 2 years \$3.00; 3 years \$4.00; 4 years \$5.00; 5 years \$6.00. Price for all other countries \$3.00 per year. Copyright 1954, by Maclean-Hunter Publishing Company Limited. The characters and names in fiction stories in Chatelaine are imaginary and have no reference to living persons. Manuscripts submitted to Chatelaine must be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The publishers will exercise every care in handling material submitted but will not be responsible for loss. Chatelaine is fully protected by copyright and its contents may not be reprinted without permission. Authorized as Second-Class Mail, P.O. Department, Ottawa.

Reader Takes Over

Kate's Wonderful Stories

JUST FINISHED reading That Was Really Christmas by Kate Aitken in December Chatelaine, and I feel I must express my thanks to you for the pleasure it was to read . . . I too had a Christmas baby sixteen years ago and as I read of Mrs. Scott's Christmas present of a baby sister it brought to my memory all the excitement a Christmas baby means to the others in the family . . . I will be looking forward to the rest of Kate's stories. They are such a wonderful change, they seem so human and they make us remember that happiness is not in what we possess, but in the love of home and family.—Mrs. Charles Pushie, Antigonish.

. . . I read with great interest the article by Kate Aitken in your December issue and was greatly intrigued. I suppose all of us could tell stories of other Christmases under different circumstances, but there is something about Kate's general style which brings a story to life. I do compliment you on this article and will look forward to the rest of the series.—Ellen L. Fairclough, MP, Ottawa.

. . . I was deeply impressed to read about the Scott family in Chatelaine's Christmas number as I was in Beeton before Robert Scott arrived here and I knew all the family. I used to blow the bugle for Capt. Robert Scott when we drilled at Niagara-on-the-Lake.—L. W. Watson, Beeton, Ont.

. . . I just want to tell you how much I enjoyed reading the article by Kate Aitken. It brought forth poignant memories of my childhood. Being the daughter of a country storekeeper, I know just what she is writing about.—Mrs. Eric Spinney, Yarmouth, N.S.

. . . This story would make an excellent movie.—Mrs. Anne P. Raymond, Sherbrooke.

. . . Many who admire you will read your charming story in Chatelaine. What a pity that you should suggest that liquor is a part of the Christmas of the good old days in the home of church people. Your home was probably the exception for I remember those old days in the country and that was not true in the area where either I or my husband lived.—Mrs. R. B. Harrison, Wilfrid, Ont.

. . . Once again Chatelaine has brought us good reading. I enjoy every issue and decided it was time I told you so. Must be the Christmas spirit which perhaps I absorbed from reading That Was Really Christmas, and made me realize that an expression of thanks to you who have given me so many happy hours could be a Christmas gift too.—Mrs. Minnie Doball, Parry Sound.

Not Enough Recipes?

I have just looked through December Chatelaine and I sure was disappointed with it. There are very few recipes in Chatelaine now. The only reason I subscribed to Chatelaine, was to get the recipes . . . I am not the only one, some of my friends say the same thing.—Mrs. A. M. Tyler, Edmonton.

December Did Us Proud

I want to tell you of the gladness I felt when I received the Christmas number and found the cover and the very first article dealt with the true meaning of Christmas and the reason for our celebrating it year after year.—Marjorie A. Moss, Edmonton.

. . . Just couldn't help writing to tell you that your Christmas number certainly does you proud. The story by Ernest Buckler was your best yet, in fact among the best I have ever read. Mary Knowles' was first-rate too—but that man Buckler has the keenest powers of observation—and does he know how to put them across!

If June Grant can sing as vividly as she can write—she'll be a success in opera. Hope she'll find time to write more too . . .

Of course, your poems are always enjoyed by us, and I must tell you how interesting your cover was. The paragraphs about it were most enlightening. Thank you again.—Ruth Scharfe, Ottawa.

. . . I want to tell you how much I enjoy every issue of your magazine. I think it is greatly improved. I am sending a year's subscription to my sister-in-law in the U. S. A.—M. C. Joy Marrett, Toronto.

Thanks For Nativity Play

My grateful thanks for printing the beautiful pageant, The First Christmas, in November Chatelaine. I had been searching for material for our church-school concert . . . Then I got my Chatelaine—and we dived into this pageant . . . It has been such fun. Busy with angel wings, shepherds' robes and the like, we of All Saints' Sunday School look forward to filling our lovely hundred-year-old church with a very real spirit of Christmas.—Mrs. V. Harvey Smith, Niagara Falls.

Early returns show that Chatelaine's nativity play, The First Christmas, was being presented in churches at points as scattered as Halifax, Montreal, Sioux Lookout, Ont., Peterborough, Ont., Ludlow, N.B., and Rouyn, Que., and in several Toronto churches. We'd be pleased to hear from any other groups who have used this Chatelaine Christmas play.—The Editors.

PHOTOGRAPHS IN THIS ISSUE—By Ed Hausman (page 8), Miller Services (20, 21), Panda (24, 25, 60, 61), Paul Rockett (28, 29), Nelson Smith (67).

CHATELAINE—FEBRUARY, 1954



When should a child first go to the dentist?

WHEN a child is about three years old, he should visit the dentist. This may seem quite young, but authorities say it is generally the best age to introduce a child to dental care.

In most cases, little if any treatment is needed during the first visit. This appointment, however, is important because it gives the child an opportunity to become acquainted with the dentist and his office. It also helps to build the child's confidence so that future visits may be less likely to cause fear and anxiety.

Authorities recommend dental examinations for a child at least twice a year after he is three years old. This enables the dentist to detect any small cavities in the so-called "baby teeth" and fill them promptly. If this is not done, decay will progress with possible early loss of these "baby teeth." This in turn may result in irregularities or crookedness in the permanent teeth.

When the first permanent molars appear, around age six, dental check-ups are particularly necessary. Though these molars may be mistaken for "baby teeth," they are a part of the permanent set, and if they are lost, nature will not replace them. Prompt repair of weak spots or surface cracks in the six-year molars is essential for their preservation.

Good dental health requires more than regular visits to the dentist. Diet, for example, plays an important part in keeping children's teeth and gums healthy. Daily care of the teeth and gums is also essential to good dental health. Dentists say that all children should be taught to brush their teeth within ten minutes after every meal, for at least three minutes at a time.

Tooth decay is largely a disease of the young. Dental authorities state that many children, entering the first grade, have teeth so badly decayed that extraction is required.

Fortunately, the prospect of reducing tooth decay has been improved by sodium fluoride treatments. These require four visits to the dentist at weekly intervals, and involve nothing more than applying the chemical directly to the children's teeth.

Dentists recommend that these treatments be given when children are three, seven, ten, and thirteen years of age. Studies show that after four treatments with sodium fluoride, decay in children's teeth may decrease as much as 40 percent.

Adults, too, should visit the dentist regularly, have defects promptly repaired, keep the teeth clean, and eat well-balanced meals. These safeguards are important because it has been established that there is a relationship between the health of teeth and gums, and general health.

COPYRIGHT CANADIAN LIFE—METROPOLITAN LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
(A MUTUAL COMPANY)

Home Office: New York

Canadian Head Office: Ottawa

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
Canadian Head Office (Dept. H.W.)
Ottawa 4, Canada.

Please mail me a free copy of your booklet, 24L, "For Good Teeth."

Name

Street

City



Prov.



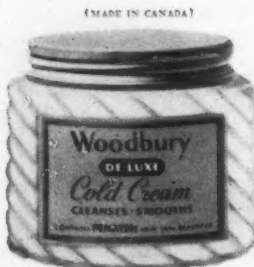
Here's a deep, deep beauty secret!

Whoever said "Beauty is skin deep," probably had Woodbury Cold Cream in mind.

For the secret of a truly beautiful skin is deep, deep cleansing.

Woodbury Cold Cream cleanses deeper because it contains Penaten — the amazing new penetrating agent that actually goes deeper into the pore openings. That means Woodbury's wonderful cleansing oils go deeper to loosen every trace of grime and make-up.

And because of Penaten, Woodbury Cold Cream smooths more effectively, too. Brings rich softening oils to soothe your skin when it's dry and rough. Recapture that little-girl freshness again with Woodbury Cold Cream! 25¢, 45¢, 78¢ and \$1.15.



Woodbury Cold Cream

**penetrates deeper
because it contains
PENATEN**

How to tell your child a or — wouldn't you rather watch

BY LORRIE McLAUGHLIN

"ONCE UPON A TIME there was a little girl and her parents called her Little Red Riding Hood—

"They called her that because she wore a red hood. No. Not to bed. Most of the time, though. Well, I don't know about wintertime. Yes, I'll make you one. When? One of these days.

"One day Little Red Riding Hood's mother said, 'Will you take this basket of goodies to grandmother? She's sick—'

"I don't know. Just a cold, I guess. Well, I suppose she used a basket because she couldn't find a shopping bag.

"You must go to grandmother's house—'

"Just a minute and I'll tell you where grandmother lived.

"—at the other side of the woods—'

"Well, it's like a park, with lots of trees and flowers. No, I know I won't let you go to Grandma's house alone

going out the door, her mother said, 'Be sure you go straight to grandmother's and don't go off the path when you're in the woods—'

"You'll find out why in a minute.

"Little Red Riding Hood started along the path through the woods and all of a sudden—

"You do? Right now? Well, hurry up. No. I certainly will not read to you while you're in the bathroom—

"Now where were we? Oh, yes. Little Red Riding Hood met a wolf. The wolf peeked out from behind a tree and when he saw Little Red Riding Hood he said to himself, 'Hmmm. A tasty little girl.' And he began thinking of a way to catch her—

"Well, this was a bad wolf.

"The wolf went up to Little Red Riding Hood and said, 'Hello, little girl, where are you going?'

"This wolf could talk. He was a



but Little Red Riding Hood was bigger than you are. I don't know. Bigger, anyway. Ten, I guess—

"Because Little Red Riding Hood was such a good little girl, she said she'd be glad to go, so she put on her red hood, picked up the basket and started out to grandmother's house. Just as she was

special sort of bad wolf. No. Little Red Riding Hood wasn't frightened. She just looked at him and he looked at her.

"I'm going to visit my grandmother who lives at the other side of the woods," said Little Red Riding Hood. "She's sick and I'm taking her a basket of goodies."

bedtime story

TV, darling?



"'Why don't you take her some flowers?' said the wolf. 'Pick them there!' And he pointed into the woods, off the path—

"I know she wasn't supposed to go off the path but Little Red Riding Hood didn't stop to think about that.

"While she was picking the flowers, the wolf rushed along to grandmother's house, locked her in the cupboard, put on one of her spare nightgowns, and jumped into bed—

"I am not talking too quickly. Now this is the exciting part.

"When Little Red Riding Hood got to grandmother's house she knocked on the door and walked in—

"The wolf had left the door unlocked because he knew that Little Red Riding Hood was coming. Because, she'd told him so when she met him in the woods when she stopped to pick the flowers—never mind—she—he knew, that's all.

"Grandmother, what big ears you have," said Little Red Riding Hood—

"She wasn't looking in the cupboard. She was talking to the wolf. Well, I know she must have needed glasses but this particular wolf must have looked like her grandmother.

"The better to hear you," said the wolf. "And what big eyes you have," said Little Red Riding Hood.

"The better to see you, my dear." "And what big teeth you have," said Little Red Riding Hood.

"The better to eat you with," cried the wolf and leaped out of bed—

"No, I don't think he tripped on the nightgown. This wolf must have been used to wearing nightgowns.

"Well, when Little Red Riding Hood saw that it was a wolf, not her grandmother—

"Well, she must have seen his fur and his tail and known he wasn't her grandmother.

"—she started calling for help. 'Help! Help!' she cried.

"A brave woodcutter who was cutting trees—

"I don't know what he wanted the trees for. I guess he was going to build a house.

"—came rushing to grandmother's house and saved Little Red Riding Hood. He bit the wolf with his axe and killed him and then the woodcutter and Little Red Riding Hood let the grandmother out of the cupboard—

"I don't know when they found out she was in there. I suppose she banged on the door.

"And they all lived happily ever after—

"Yes, except the wolf. He was dead. Now hop into bed and go to sleep. You do not need a drink. Well, just one and make it a short one.

"No, wolves do not eat little girls. I told you. This was a special wolf and the woodcutter killed him. Good night—

"Really, wolves do not eat little girls. They—tell you what I'll do. I'll lock all the doors, see. Now no wolves can get in. And just in case, I'll keep brother's baseball bat here by my chair and if one comes I'll hit him on the head. so! I haven't got an axe and I don't know where there's a woodcutter. Good night. I told you, wolves do not—Dear, tomorrow let's watch Howdy Doody instead of having a bedtime story, eh? Good night. Yes, I'll stay right here with the baseball bat. You do not need another drink.

"Of course I can hit the wolf if he comes. No, dear, you do not hear him gnashing his teeth. Those are my teeth. Dear, you do not hear him knocking at the door. That's just mother... dropping the Child's Book of Happy Bedtime Stories into the wastebasket." +



Pretty housewife Mrs. Dolores Dalzell uses detergents daily — but doesn't take chances with her hands.

"I scrub 1600 sinks a year... but I'm proud of my pretty hands!"

15c, 37c, 65c, \$1.15

(Made in Canada)



Dolores Dalzell's shining home is proof of the good job detergents can do. She uses them to scrub over a thousand sinks a year. (You scrub that many, too!)

Without detergents, she'd work much harder. But the same detergent action that cuts right through grease, can rob her hands (and yours) of natural oils, and leave them rough and red.

Dolores' solution? After detergents — after any harsh soap or cleanser, she smooths pure, white Jergens Lotion on right away.

It penetrates instantly (instead of just "coating" the skin) with two softening ingredients used by doctors.

Except for the way her home sparkles — you'd never guess Dolores uses detergents. Her hands are as soft and pretty as the day she was married! Use the world's most popular hand care — and keep your hands safe, too!

Use Jergens Lotion — avoid detergent hands

*"Doctor, I'd
like to know..."*

Do I

WITTRUP



I have to grow old?"

No, not as your grandparents or even your parents did. The doctors have learned in recent years that there is much that can be done to help make all of life's years happy and productive.

They have learned that a zest for living, a liking for people, serenity of spirit, peace of mind, sensible living and eating, all are important. They now know that good eating habits in particular have a vital bearing on the retention of physical vigor, mental alertness and, above all, the protection of the heart, the arteries, the glandular system and the digestive tract.

Your doctor will tell you that a diet based upon the generous use of such protective foods as fresh fruits, green leafy vegetables, milk, eggs, and meat not only helps to keep you healthy but has a lot to do with keeping

your physical stamina and mental alertness "young"!

At any age the protective foods should be used generously in the daily diet. Among the best, as we grow older, are bananas, because of their easy digestibility, because they do not require vigorous chewing, because they supply needed vitamins and minerals, because they are effective in weight control, and because they have such a beneficent effect on the entire digestive system.

Why not eat to add life to your years as well as to add years to your life!

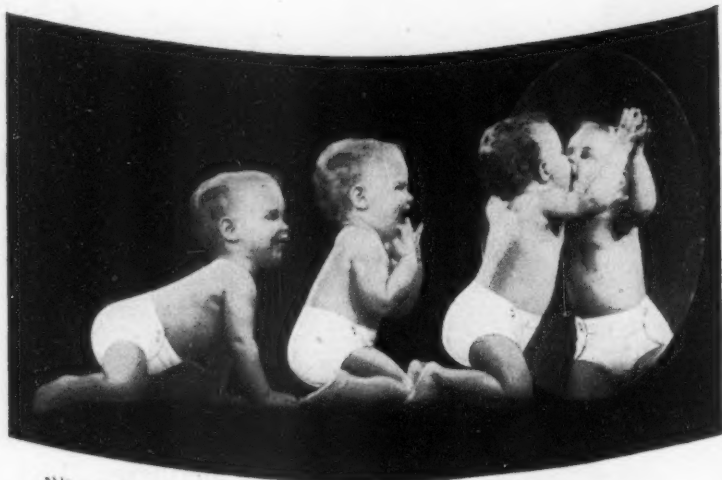
Because of the many appetizing ways in which bananas can be served, as well as because of their importance in nutrition, bananas are now being used more widely than ever by people of all ages.

CANADIAN BANANA COMPANY, LTD.

FOR HEALTH, EAT AND ENJOY A

PLENTIFUL VARIETY OF THE RIGHT FOODS.

IF YOU DO NOT KNOW WHAT THE "RIGHT"
FOODS ARE, ASK YOUR DOCTOR.

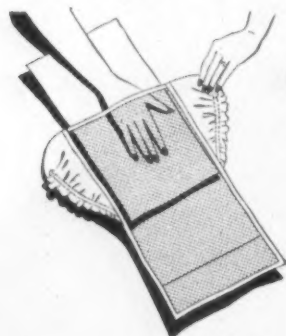


Only Playtex Dryper

**Keeps your Baby Cozy and Dry in Coldest Weather
as No Ordinary Diapering Does!**

Wonderful all the year 'round, Dryper's a greater boon than ever in winter! For it guards baby against chills by confining wetness to panty area. And what a help for Mother! No hanging out diapers in the freezing cold!

Hygienically fresh, flush-away Dryper Pads let you change baby as often as necessary to help prevent diaper rash. Dryper makes changes quicker, more convenient. Keep your baby "socially acceptable"—with Dryper!



**Quick — from
Wet to Dryper!**

For a clean, dry change, just slip fresh Dryper pad under soft nylon webbing of baby's waterproof Dryper Panty.



**FLUSHAWAY PAD
INSIDE WATERPROOF PANTY
—THAT'S PLAYTEX DRYPER!**

PLAYTEX DRYPER PADS
Box of 100 **\$1.39**
(Regular)
Box of 100 **\$1.59**
(Large)
PLAYTEX DRYPER PANTY, \$1.69
sized by baby's weight

Slightly higher in Western Canada.

Playtex

FOR THE NICEST THINGS NEXT TO BABY

Dryper • Panties • Sheets • Bibs • Oil • Powder • Cream

Playtex Ltd., PLAYTEX PARK ... Arnprior, Ontario

BEAUTY

Memo from Rosemary

FORECAST: TROUBLE

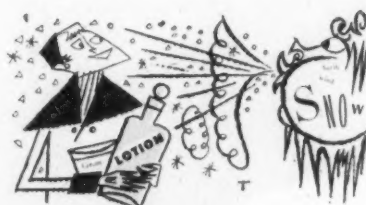
Meet Percy Saltzman, a lean relaxed man who televises the weather via the CBC network from Toronto in the evening and watches it professionally for the Canadian government during the day. Percy took time out recently to do some cross-Canada February weather predicting for us and we are passing it along to you with additional weather-wise complexion-care advice. It should help you greet the birds and lilacs minus that weatherbeaten February face so easy to acquire during this coldest, windiest, meanest month of the year.

Percy forecasts the weather with maps and a blackboard. His presentation, a unique combination of fact, informality and wit, won him a nomination for the Caldwell Award as Most Promising Newcomer to television during 1953. Says Percy, "I base all my predictions on long-term recorded figures, which, after all, is the best informed guess anybody could make."

The land of the totem (B. C. to all easterners), says Percy, is slated for a mild, dull February with average a.m. and p.m. temperatures of thirty to forty-five degrees. You're also slated for seven inches of snow, and because yours is the cloudiest February province, a starvation diet of sun. Humidity will be higher than in more central regions of the country.

A warmish, sun - scant month can rob skin of color and vitality. Your complexion will need frisking up with stimulating cream or astringent applied after every wash. Make this a cream-wash if your skin is dry. Dull wet weather is particularly hard on oily skins as it provides no antidote of sun and dryer air, and skin irregularities, which usually accompany oily skin, need constant attention.

February on the prairies, says Percy, promises to be lively as usual. You prairie people always get the lion's share of the February sun, so you'll likely get it again this year. You're in for average a.m. and p.m. temperatures of five and fifteen degrees and winds moderate to high throughout the entire twenty-eight days. Snow should average six inches and the air will probably be quite dry.





FOR FEBRUARY FACES

Here are all the elements needed to dry out even the most normal complexions—not to mention what it could do to a complexion already dry. This mixture of cold, dryness, wind and sun needs lots of fighting. Natural oils will be whipped away by wind, burned away by frost and sun, and soaked up by dry air. Dry skin is said to be a prairie hazard. So it's cream, cream and more cream for you. Protect your skin with a lotion beneath your make-up and use a rich overnight cream to help replace some of the oil burned away during the day. Avoid soap if your skin is at all inclined to dryness. Use cleansing cream instead.



In the trillium province

(Ontario to all outsiders) February is usually split by two extremes—cold and dry in the north with average a.m. and p.m. temperatures of zero to fifteen degrees; and in the south—fifteen to thirty degrees, with a high moisture content in the air. Over-all Ontario snowfall averages a grand total of fifteen inches for February and skies are generally clear and sunny.

High moisture content combined with chill wind adds up to chapped, roughened skin. So if you're a native of southern Ontario make daily use of a good lotion beneath your make-up to protect your skin. Northern Ontario dwellers should always use lotion beneath their make-up and avoid soap if their complexions are at all inclined to dryness. Cream cleaning will help replace some of the natural oil burned away by frost and wind.

Quebecers and Maritimers, living in Canada's oldest provinces, are in for a wet cold February, predicts Percy. Average a.m. and p.m. temperatures swing down around ten to twenty-five degrees. There's probably snow in store, too, with Nova Scotia averaging as high as twenty-five inches in past years. The records also reveal you aren't likely to see much of the February sun.

All this adds up to a drab skin, devoid of color and roughened by wind and snow. Like your sisters on the west coast you should make daily use of a good stimulating cream and a protective lotion beneath make-up to keep complexion soft for the sun later on. +

Revolutionary new lotion!
Immediately softens and whitens

"Detergent Hands!"



Today's powerful new detergents, efficient as they are, have created an urgent new skin problem. Angel Skin by Pond's is a new lotion designed specially to meet that problem! Angel Skin neutralizes harsh alkalis, helps prevent irritation.

It's scientifically years ahead!

New Angel Skin by Pond's—the revolutionary lotion that helps prevent dryness and irritation from detergents and soaps.

Counteracts drying chemical action— Angel Skin is the only leading hand lotion formulated to neutralize the irritating alkaline action of soaps and detergents.

Angel Skin's richness goes deep—actually heals chapping. Redness fades out. See your hands look softer, smoother, whiter, right away! And Angel Skin can't leave hands sticky because it contains no gummy "filler," as other lotions do. All its richness goes into your skin at once. Get your bottle of deep-softening Angel Skin today.



Red, dry hands smooth out



Ragged cuticle softens

Angel Skin

by POND'S



65¢
and
37¢



BUY-LINES by Nancy Sasser

AN ADVERTISING COLUMN FOR CANADIAN WOMEN

IT'S THAT LITTLE SOMETHING "EXTRA" that makes so-so dishes taste so-o-o delicious... such as sharpening the flavour of cooked cheese treats, for instance, by adding $\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon of dry mustard... and "sparkling" mashed turnips with 1 teaspoon sugar for every four servings.

I'D LIKE TO SING out this exciting news... about an entirely new kind of pudding that needs absolutely no cooking! It's ROYAL INSTANT Pudding and I'm not exaggerating... ROYAL has done all the cooking for you. You simply mix with milk, let set and presto!... it's ready to serve in mere minutes. Just think of it... there's no extra pot to clutter the burners... no pot to wash afterwards. And I can say without reservation... it's the most delicious dessert I ever tasted! That's because ROYAL INSTANT is homogenized... for richer, fuller flavour... for creamier, smoother texture. There are never any lumps, film or starch taste, either... in fact, it's peak o' perfection in every way. ROYAL INSTANT is wonderful in so many ways, too... alone or made into parfaits, pie-fills, ice creams, beverages, sauces, cakes and frostings... all without cooking! So be ROYAL'S "guest" for dessert... by serving ROYAL Chocolate, Butter-scotch and Vanilla INSTANT Puddings often!



MY KITCHEN REALLY SPARKLES these days... for I've discovered a wonderful new way to clean costly kitchen equipment, cabinets, walls and woodwork! How? With Johnson's JUBILEE Kitchen Wax... a magic blend of detergents and wax that whisks away dirt in seconds and protects with wax for weeks! It's as great a work-saver as it is a bright idea, too... because you just apply JUBILEE with a damp cloth and lo!... fingerprints, dirt and greasy cooking films disappear. Then buff lightly while still damp with a clean soft cloth and behold... you leave a lustrous protective coat of wax! What's more, it's as smooth as hand lotion... contains no harsh soaps, suders or abrasives which might dull paint luster or scratch enamel. Still, it's very economical... you can clean your kitchen week after week with a single bottle of JUBILEE Kitchen Wax! Be sure to ask for it by name... JUBILEE Kitchen Wax... created by Johnson's for everything in the kitchen but the floor.



BELIEVE IN MIRACLES? You will once you try KRAFT'S PARKAY... for this delicious Margarine spreads smoothly even when ice cold! Just think of it... you can actually take PARKAY straight from the refrigerator and cut it into neat pats... then spread it instantly and smoothly. It never crumbles or splinters... and won't tear the freshest slice of bread. But even so, you can leave it standing out in the kitchen... it won't "goo" down or separate. I find it creams faster and better when used as a flavour shortening, too... as well as melts quickly in your frying pan. The secret is a great new discovery... a brand-new way of making margarine that's exclusively KRAFT'S! Try it soon... you'll agree with me it's a miracle! And take advantage of this opportunity... a chance:



TO WIN A VALUABLE PRIZE... by entering the Great Gildersleeve's "Name The Parrot" contest. It's easy, fun and can be profitable to you... so ask your Grocer for an entry blank and contest rules today!

I HAVE BEAUTY NEWS FOR YOU... about a wonderful new help for dried-out "detergent hands"! It's ANGEL SKIN by Pond's... a revolutionary new lotion that prevents dryness and irritation from soap and detergent alkalies. You see, ANGEL SKIN is scientifically years ahead... for unlike other lotions I've used, it's not stopped on the rough outer surface of your skin... it penetrates and gives immediate deep softening. I promise you'll see amazing effects right away, too... flushed "angry" redness fades out, tiny dry-skin lines smooth away and your hands lose that dry, scratchy feeling... look smoother, whiter and younger! This creamy-pink, deliciously fragrant lotion really works wonders... but let me send you a:

SPECIAL OFFER!



"PROVE-IT" SAMPLE of ANGEL SKIN by Pond's. Just print your name, address and mail with 10c to cover postage and packing to: Nancy Sasser, Dept. CS-1, 50 King St. W., Toronto. It will keep all of you smooth... your hands, arms, elbows, legs, ankles and face... is also a heavenly powder base.

I PICK COTTON as the "queen" of fashion fabrics this year... for never have I seen such a beautiful new line of cotton dresses, blouses, skirts and playsuits as are now "blooming" in the stores! And the loveliest of all are KINGCOT Cottons... in stripes, plaids and checks... as well as solid and variegated colours. They're all fine-combed cotton, too, with a wrinkle-resistant finish... and are pre-shrunk. KINGCOT also introduces many exquisite new weaves... each as exciting as tomorrow. Every one is stunning... but I'm a bit partial to their new slubbed sportswear fabric called "Cruiseveed"... which comes in homespun colours, is Sanforized and reversible. And another favourite of mine is KINGCOT'S new "Campus"... an exquisite cotton tweed suiting in muted shades with lively slubs of colour and crease-resistant finish. See them soon... for I know you'll agree with me that the "pick" of ready-to-wear and piecegoods comes in KINGCOT Cottons.



YOUR BABY ASKS SO LITTLE OF YOU... just to be loved, well fed, kept comfortable and protected. The first two "requests" you answer instinctively... but to keep baby deliciously comfortable and protected, I think it's wise to use BABY'S OWN SOAP for all of baby's baths! That's because it's now enriched with Lanolate... a marvelous new discovery made from pure lanolin concentrated 25 times... which gives baby's thinner skin the greatest possible protection from harm! And after bathing baby with BABY'S OWN SOAP, follow with a soothing application of BABY'S OWN OIL and BABY'S OWN POWDER... for they're also made by specialists especially for babies and contain all the right ingredients to give baby's delicate skin added protection from chapping and irritation! You see, the pure antiseptic OIL contains lanolin, too... and the POWDER is made from the finest imported Italian talc. So for safety and comfort's sake, follow BABY'S OWN 3-Step protection... every day.



EVERY WOMAN IS AWARE of the fact that she's at her most charming, radiant best when she looks her loveliest... but, of course, real beauty comes from within... you have to feel wonderful before you can present a really pretty "picture" to the world! That's why the wisest women I know take NUJOL whenever they have a headache, upset



stomach or are feeling dull and lousy due to constipation... for it keeps you regular! NUJOL is pleasant to take, too... because it's absolutely pure mineral oil of the highest quality... is crystal clear, tasteless and odorless! Furthermore, a little NUJOL is all you need to keep regular as clockwork... just follow directions on the bottle and you'll feel fine in "no" time. But let the facts "speak" for themselves... by trying an 8-oz. bottle of NUJOL absolutely free. I know you'll be delighted... so write to John Stuart Sales Ltd., 9 Duke St., Toronto, Ontario, for your sample today.

ALL YOU MOTHERS and your children too, are familiar with Jack and Jill of nursery rhyme fame... but do you know that there's a cough syrup called JACK and JILL which has also become famous? Well, there is and deservedly so... for JACK and JILL Cough Syrup was developed by Buckley's (who've had 30 years of experience in treating coughs and colds!) especially to soothe and relieve youngsters' tender cough-torn throats! And it works so fast and so safely it's now the fastest-selling children's cough and cold syrup in Canada... so let me urge you to give it to your little darlings at the first sneeze, snuffle or cough! JACK and JILL Cough Syrup is pleasant-tasting, too, and costs only 50c... everywhere. And listen to this:



I HAVE A GIFT for every mother... a jar of Buckley's Stainless White Rub. Its deep-penetrating medication quickly relieves colds and stuffed noses... and it's FREE! Just send your name and address to Nancy Sasser, 50 King St. W., Toronto... and I'll rush it to you.

TAKE A PEEK into my medicine chest any time... you'll always find a box of CURAD Plastic Bandages there. That's because they're better in every way... the perfect answer to first aid "calls"! And there are many reasons why I think so and am sure you will, too... but the feature I like particularly is that CURADS stay stuck! You can take my word for it... they're really water-proof. You can wash your hands, dishes or dainty tubbables... these skin-thin bandages stick like your skin... without becoming loose, curling or fraying. Furthermore, CURADS fight germs (don't just cover them!)... thanks to their exclusive new medication called Furacin-Tyrothricin which killed or inhibited 28 common wound germs in actual tests. I also find that they stay cleaner... and never leave any sticky mess on your skin. Only seeing is believing, though... so I suggest that you get water-proof CURAD Plastic Bandages... today. They're a product of Bauer & Black... a name you know and can trust.



PACK YOUR GRIP... for now's the time to take that long dreamed of trip to Europe! I wouldn't miss it for anything... because Europe is lovely in winter and it's the "thrill season", too. In other words, rates are much lower for most hotels, tours and sight-seeing trips and it's also less crowded... which means accommodations and services are better. And in my opinion there's only one way to go... fly by TRANS-CANADA Air Lines to all Europe! TCA rates are at their lowest now... but while you save time and money as you speed through the air in a luxurious TCA "North Star" Skyliner, you'll rest and relax in the roomy comfort of its club-like atmosphere, enjoy delicious meals and arrive abroad rested and refreshed. And I promise you pure pleasure every moment... in fact, you'll receive every delightful personal attention when you fly TCA. So visit any TCA Office or see your Travel Agency right away... and let them help you plan your trip to Europe.





A dynamo of energy, Kay Russenholt puts the finishing touches on a CBC script while keeping one eye on the clock and catching a second cup of coffee. Kay teaches between the University of Manitoba's school on the Board of Governors, the provincial board of the Canadian Association of Consumers, CBC talks and her family of four. During the war she was executive

secretary of Manitoba's Wartime Information Board and in 1949 she organized the Red Cross blood clinic. A dead shot with a gun, she will bag a deer in the fall and make gloves from the hide in the winter. When her first baby was on the way, Kay's doctor, a doctor, said smugly, "This is one thing you can't hurry. It takes nine full months." But her baby, Kay said, "Champ arrived in seven."

THE WOMEN OF WINNIPEG

Rivaled only by the atom for energy, they run 935 clubs for doing Good and shoot ducks to tax

BY DORIS McCUBBIN — PHOTOS BY PAUL ROCKETT

WINNIPEG HAS enough reasons to be proud of itself to burst a grain elevator. More trains thunder through it and more meat is packed in it than in any other western city. It has the most expensive provincial legislative buildings and the cheapest telephone rates in Canada. It has the biggest musical festival in the world and some of the longest stretches of glacially cold weather in the country. As if this weren't enough, it turned a colossal war effort by giving birth to a bouncing ballet company.

But it has one more important reason for being proud—its women. Winnipeg has the most energetic women in Canada, with a talent

for organizing themselves and other people that would put a colony of red ants to shame. A recent count listed nine hundred and thirty-five women's organizations.

"Do you know," one Winnipeg man remarked incredulously, "my wife belongs to twenty-three different clubs." Then he added in an awed whisper, "And every one of them is devoted to some good cause."

It would be just as impossible to think of running Winnipeg without its women as without its six big power turbines on the Winnipeg River.

Continued on page 65

FOUR MORE PAGES OF PICTURE PROFILES



The big four, who mastermind the operations of Winnipeg's key welfare organizations and direct armies of its volunteers, plan the strategy that raises one hundred thousand dollars a year for the good of Winnipeg. Seated centre is Mrs. J. R. McDonald, president of Winnipeg's famous Central Volunteer Bureau with its three thousand willing workers who turn in a total of thirty-five thousand hours of volunteer work a year. Mrs. McDonald is also the first woman ever elected president of the Baptist Union of Western Canada. Nearest the camera is Anne Du Moulin, youthful executive director of the Welfare Council of Greater Winnipeg, co-ordinating the efforts of eighty-six different organizations. Standing are Mrs. John Abra, chairman of the Child Care and Family Division of the Welfare Council and a staunch supporter of Winnipeg's Children's Theatre, and Mary Elizabeth Bayer, executive secretary of the Central Volunteer Bureau and public relations director for the Winnipeg Community Chest campaigns.



The best-known woman-about-Winnipeg is Lillian Gibbons, reporter on the Winnipeg Tribune. In twenty-two years she estimates she has eaten half a ton of creamed chicken while covering club lunches for the paper. She designs her own clothes, still wears two slips and a blouse she made from a nylon parachute. Her trademark is her Gibbons-designed hats and a straw shopping bag in which she carries copy paper, rubbers, wallet and lunch. Only five feet tall, she once went to buy a pair of shoes and was unceremoniously directed to the children's department.

THE WOMEN OF WINNIPEG (Continued)

A housewife goes to bat for Art, a ballplayer runs a tram, and a junior miss makes strides as a joiner while still in high school



Junior model of the Winnipeg woman is Joan Karasevich, a third-generation Ukrainian-Canadian who is vice-president of her class at St. John's Tech, on the school council, a high jumper, and a leading singer in school operettas. Besides studying for a university scholarship Joan manages to fit in the odd date—usually a dance at her neighborhood community club, where she wears drapes and bomber jacket, standard "real cool" teenage garb. High point in her sixteen-year career was the day she edged out fifty-four other singers in the Winnipeg Festival. To celebrate, her jubilant family treated her to a mammoth meal of her favorite delicacy — mushrooms.



Self-appointed saleswoman of Canadian art is Mrs. Grant Dexter. "When Alice sees a picture by some struggling young Canadian," says a friend, "she mentally checks over her acquaintances' living rooms, picks out the right setting, gets on the telephone and before you know it, it's over your mantel." The Winnipeg Symphony, which fills the city's four-thousand-seat Civic Auditorium, also gets an annual financial boost of over six thousand dollars from Mrs. Dexter, in her capacity as head of the symphony committee which stages a huge coffee party and ball. Alice Dexter, mother of three, bakes her own bread, is regional chairman for the Dominion Drama Festival and on the board of the Art Gallery. As she has one of the busiest telephones in Winnipeg, she clips conversations to a brisk minimum. Even at that, her husband, Grant Dexter, editor of the Free Press, claims he sometimes tries for three hours before getting through to home.

This pistol-packing school ma'am is Dr. Eleanor Boyce, the only woman rural school inspector in Manitoba. A keen hunter, Dr. Boyce always carries a pair of waders and a Winchester in the back of her car in the fall so that she can bag a duck or two after four. Her salty sense of humor keeps her in demand as a speaker at the rate of two talks a week on anything from the Historical Significance of Nursery Rhymes to International Wheat Agreements. She has written a dozen school texts, lectures twice weekly at the university, thinks teachers on the whole are a frightened lot—"afraid of parents, inspectors, new ideas and of being themselves." At one of her lectures a mother stood up and said she had been reading to her son as Dr. Boyce had advocated and that the boy was turning into "a pain in the neck." "Have you any guarantee that he wouldn't be a pain in the neck anyway?" cracked back Dr. Boyce. "Keep right on reading to him."



The most famous sister act in Winnipeg for years was the Trepel Trio. Freda Trepel, internationally known pianist now married to Walter Kaufmann, conductor of the Winnipeg Symphony, is the eldest. Before marriage broke up the trio, the three girls used to get up at six to practice, Freda on the piano, Shirley on the cello and Anne

on the violin. Freda started in at five, but out-foxed her teacher by playing everything by ear. She finally settled down, aged seven, to serious work and is one of the finest musicians ever turned out by musical Winnipeg. Here, she and her husband go over a concerto he composed and which she will perform in Winnipeg in April.



Continued on next page

FREQUENCY CURVES SHOWING READING ACHIEVEMENT GRADES 4-5-6

MEDIAN INTELLIGENCE AND ACHIEVEMENT SCORES GRADES IV-VI



THE WOMEN OF WINNIPEG (Continued)



The most familiar woman's voice in Winnipeg belongs to Wendy Warren. Wendy has a two-hour radio program every afternoon except Sunday over CKY called Let's Listen to Wendy. An informal show, it can turn itself into a community appeal, include a chat with Charles Boyer, or a homey fifteen minutes of listeners' poetry and book reviews. Once when Wendy lost her place in the script she just calmly told her listeners, "Well, folks, for once in my life this girl has nothing to say," and put on a record until she collected her thoughts. Another time when she settled down for twenty minutes of reading listeners' letters, she found she had absentmindedly brought along the batch she had read the day before, so she ad-libbed until it was time for the next part of the program. Tall, red-haired, she is Mrs. John Hood in private life, loves to cook curried rice, and, as a self-taught singer of Scottish ballads, can't begin to fill all the singing engagements Winnipeg's many Scottish societies urge upon her.

Unique in Canada is Winnipeg's Child Guidance Clinic which consists of a special task force of teachers, psychologists, nurses and social workers who help children having special trouble in school. Driving force in the clinic for years was Grace Dolmage, now assistant professor in the faculty of education of the University of Manitoba. An inspiring but relaxed educationist, she loves "just sitting with a fishing rod" on week ends at her summer cottage in the Whiteshell district.

Clever, high-handed and outspoken is Lady Tupper, spirited promoter of Winnipeg's theatre during the thirties and now co-ordinating director of the Royal Winnipeg Ballet. When Princess Elizabeth visited Canada, Lady Tupper was incensed that no ballet performance was scheduled. She went over the heads of local authority to Buckingham Palace, had the ballet included in the plans — but somehow Lady Tupper was not included in the official dinner. "For once, she didn't get the last word," remarked one Winnipeg observer.



Most familiar woman's face to thousands of Winnipeggers is Helen McKinnon's, six-foot driver of the Portage streetcar, and one of three women left from eighty-three employed during the war. Helen used to be even better known as "Slim" McKinnon, star left-handed pitcher on the Weco's ladies' softball club, until the day she broke her pitching arm going into second.



The most exotic bloom to blossom in culture-conscious Winnipeg has been the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, and one of its prettiest blossoms is Carlu Carter, a leading ballerina. Carlu deserted Winnipeg once long enough to spend a year in England with the Sadler's Wells Ballet Company and toured Canada with it three years ago. Her father, a CPR yard foreman who had never seen her dance at home, traveled all the way to Toronto to see her. She is now dancing again with the Royal Winnipeg Ballet, which was launched on little money and a lot of hope in 1938 by two Englishwomen, Gweneth Lloyd and Betty Hay-Farrally. Today, although still not on firm financial ground, it supports twenty-four young Canadians as professional dancers.

A truck-driving alderwoman is Maude McCreery, who runs a profitable florist shop, The Rosery, a pretty Cape Cod cottage located on Broadway Avenue. When short-staffed, Maude frequently hops into the shop's white-and-green truck to deliver a load of flowers. Monday nights the truck is parked outside City Hall while Alderwoman McCreery, now in her third term, attends council meetings. A tall, forthright woman, she uses direct action both in council chamber and in her business. In 1948 when she was suddenly given notice to move from her premises, just before Mother's Day, Maude McCreery hustled down to City Hall and got herself and her staff street vendors' licenses. The sidewalk sales made that day totaled up to the biggest cash return she had made in ten years. A member of twenty different women's clubs, she gave birth to her second child, a daughter, at six one morning and held a committee meeting in her hospital room at ten-thirty. When her husband died in 1948 she refused to sign the form that would entitle her to the family allowances paid to most Canadian parents by the federal government. "This country was built by people who stood on their own feet," says Alderwoman McCreery.



The first stage on which Madame Pauline Boutal performed was the table where her father assembled stained glass windows back in her native Brittany. Later, when she came to St. Boniface, her husband, Arthur, put her on a real stage where she won the award for the best actress in the Dominion Drama Festival in 1938. Altogether the talented team captured three awards for the best play with their French-speaking group, Le Cercle Molière. Since Arthur's death in 1941 Madame Boutal, who is also a professional portrait painter, has carried on as director. She was once at a loss for one actor in a play when her eye fell on her neighborhood vegetable seller. She high-pressured him into the role and the vegetable man became a big success.

There's no time for clubs in the life of Mrs. A. S. Hutchings, one of the few women in Winnipeg who belongs to no organizations. She has four lively reasons why she is a non-joiner. They are, left to right, Richard, aged one-and-a-half, Sandy, aged ten, Susan, aged six, and John aged two-and-a-half. Wife of glassware manufacturer Stewart Hutchings, Rhoda Hutchings' Icelandic origins are echoed in her four blond and beautiful children. She says keeping Richard from falling downstairs and John from running away from home, helping Susan with her piano practice and giving Sandy a pre-inspection before he leaves for his Cub meetings more than keeps her well occupied.





She said angrily, "Gramps,
you know that Steve and
I are getting married."



The roots of the heart grow deep

Chris' heart ached for the stubborn old man and yet, how could he ever understand about Steve?

BY L. JOHANNE STEMOM

Illustrated by Ben Turner

THE OLD MAN'S HANDS were lax on the reins as he sat in the straight-backed seat of the ancient democrat. Beside him was a small carton of groceries and at his feet two bulging mail bags. Sweat roughened the flanks of the bay mare and the big black as they clomped cheerfully homeward.

"When you going to get a car, Pa?" John used to ask. The other boys had asked the same question but he had paid them scant attention. They didn't know the luxury of letting their minds slip into the past nor were they a part of this smoky ribbon of road that stretched ahead through the greens and golds of early fall to lose itself in a tangle of scrub on the distant horizon.

Things had changed mightily since this last war. People drove into Edmonton in a single day. And months after that oil crew put down test holes you couldn't get a word in edgewise for talk of mineral rights and royalties and high finance . . . even people like the Jacobsens who couldn't keep butter on the table in winter.

Two boys astride a dun-colored animal came suddenly into view. They careened down the centre of the road rocking with laughter and then, prodding their horse, they came to an abrupt halt as it reared in front of the Old Man's team.

"Make way for the Queen's Mail," called the Old Man. He reached for the shrunken piece of willow that served as a buggy whip. "Out of the way, you." He waved the short length of stick ineffectively.

"What you doing with the Queen's Mail?" snickered the bolder of the two boys. He spewed forth a mouthful of chokecherry pits.

The Old Man's body shook with an unexpected tremor. It was really more than he was prepared to put up with. It was humiliating. He let the useless piece of willow drop, lifted the reins of his horses and slapped so that the bay and the black leaped sideways and forward. As he fell back upon the seat an ugly mocking chant trailed out behind him—"Make way" *Continued on page 53*



WHAT EVERY YOUNG WOMAN

Here they are — the noisy, nose-y, pesky and friendly people from Outer Suburbia with all their children. You'll be living with them on that new Canadian frontier out where the pavement ends. Unless, of course, they're right next door now

By JUNE CALLWOOD

ONCE THERE WAS A WOMAN who asked no questions, gave no advice, warmly admired all her neighbors' efforts at home sewing, preserving, gardening and child raising, owned no cats, dogs, African violets or budgies, had no children and didn't buy a television set until every other roof on the street had an antenna.

No woman was respected more. "She's positively a saint," her neighbor on the right said. "Of course I would be too, if I could sleep in until ten in the morning everyday like she does."

"You're absolutely right," agreed her neighbor

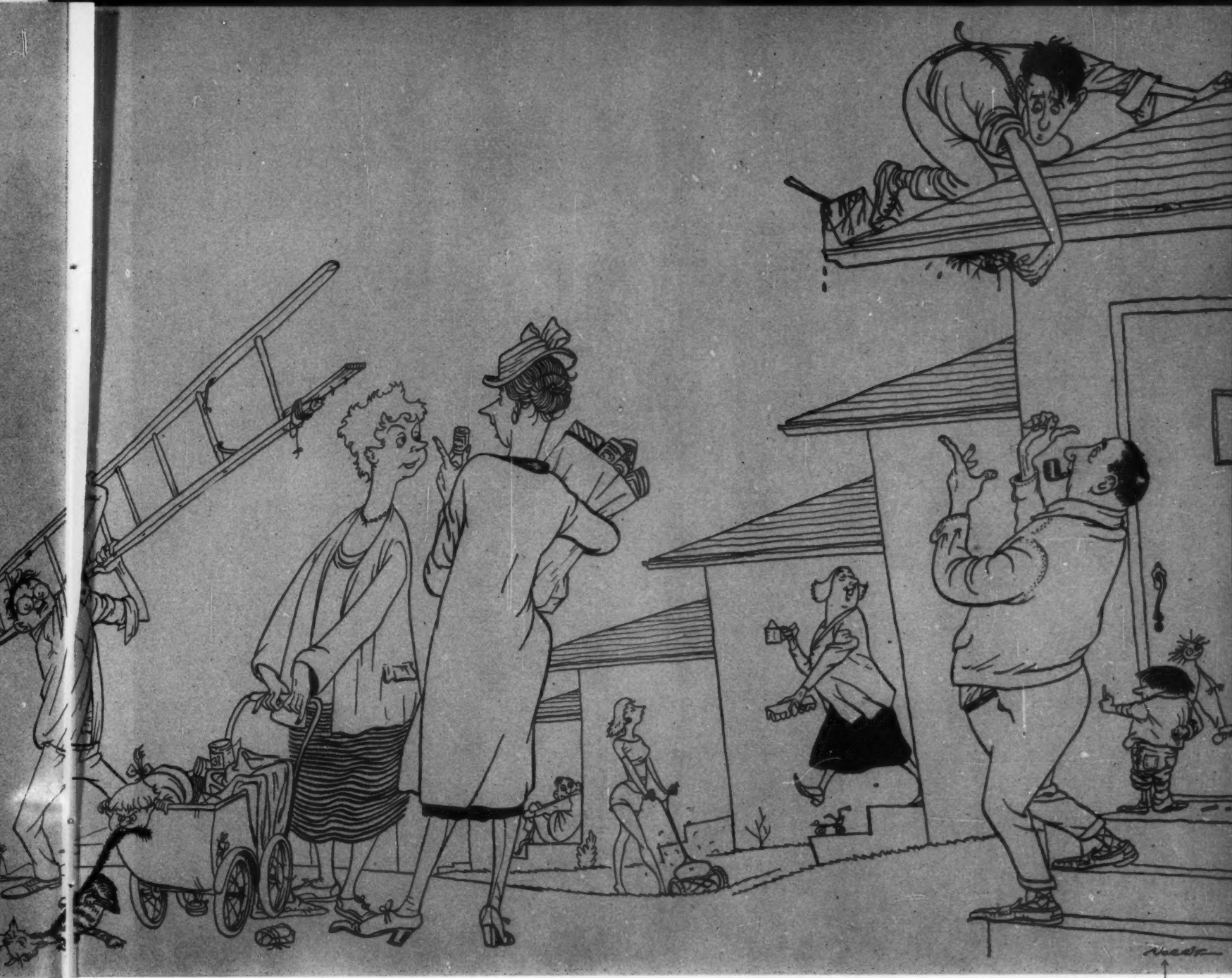


Illustration by Nease

N SHOULD KNOW ABOUT NEIGHBORS

on the left. "I never knew anyone so sweet. I just wish she wouldn't wear those shorts when she's mowing the lawn. She just makes herself look ridiculous at her age."

This serves to illustrate what every new housewife is finding out: There is no perfect neighbor, except herself.

A generation ago in most urban communities neighbors were the faceless nonentities next door, known only by their surnames, and every man had a separate existence within the solid brick walls of his castle. Today neighborliness is rampant in the mud frontiers of the new suburbs

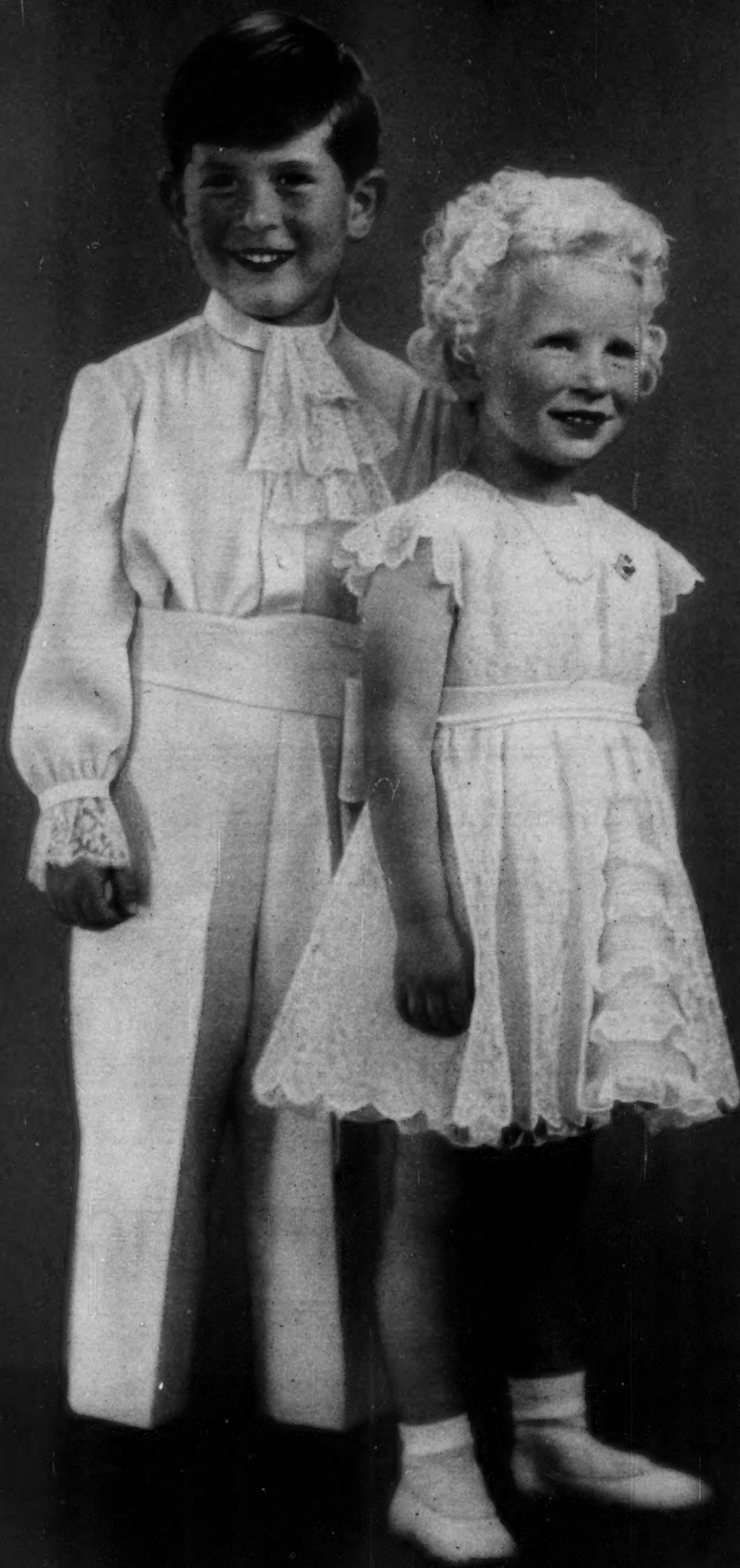
and the *papier-mâché* honeycombs of the new apartment developments where neighbors must rely on one another for survival as never since the days of the Indian raids.

One couple, shy and introverted, moved into a new subdivision. The third night in the house, while they were still unpacking their dishes, they were visited by two groups of neighbors bearing petitions to the contractor, one for the immediate sodding of the front lawns and the other for sidewalks. The couple signed, dazedly poured coffee and two hours later the husband was part of a car pool and the wife had accepted a

neighbor's offer to help with her new drapes.

Now that neighbors are as integral a part of modern living as detergents, prospective brides need a quick course in the art of neighborliness. There are, for example, some inconsistencies: There are kind helpful neighbors whose efforts inspire gratitude, mixed with wrath and frustration. There are neighbors who never offer assistance and are rated aloof snobs. Hard-working housewives are pitied for their lack of organization; the well-organized ones are loathed for their leisure. Mothers who allow their children to roam

Continued on page 59



Their Royal Highnesses
PRINCE CHARLES AND PRINCESS ANNE

The Queen's children have millions of mothers

lovingly watching over them day by day.

And they speak right out if, as a while ago,

it seems too much public attention

may spoil their Prince and Princess

EVERYONE WANTS TO RAISE THE QUEEN'S CHILDREN

By MARJORIE EARL

"MINE WERE JUST THE SAME after Jim came home from Malaya. She'll have to do something or they'll soon be impossible." The English-woman's fine features were drawn in an expression of disapproval. Her companion agreed. "At that age they *do* tend to become difficult." The two women emerged from the dim interior of a moving picture palace into the brilliant sunlight of Leicester Square. "It's the crowds that spoil them, of course," the first woman resumed. "It doesn't take long, no matter how well they're brought up. Even the newspapers are making remarks."

The subjects of this discussion were Prince Charles and Princess Anne. The housewives had just seen them in a newsreel of Trooping the Color and, as is the custom among British women, they discussed the royal children as though they owned them, or at least had a perfect right to be critical.

Charles and Anne are a favorite topic of conversation around most British tea tables.

Their daily regimen is discussed, generally approved and widely followed. Their small illnesses are watched and the treatment copied. A high-powered publicity campaign in favor of immunization against communicable disease languished until the Queen decided to have her children inoculated.

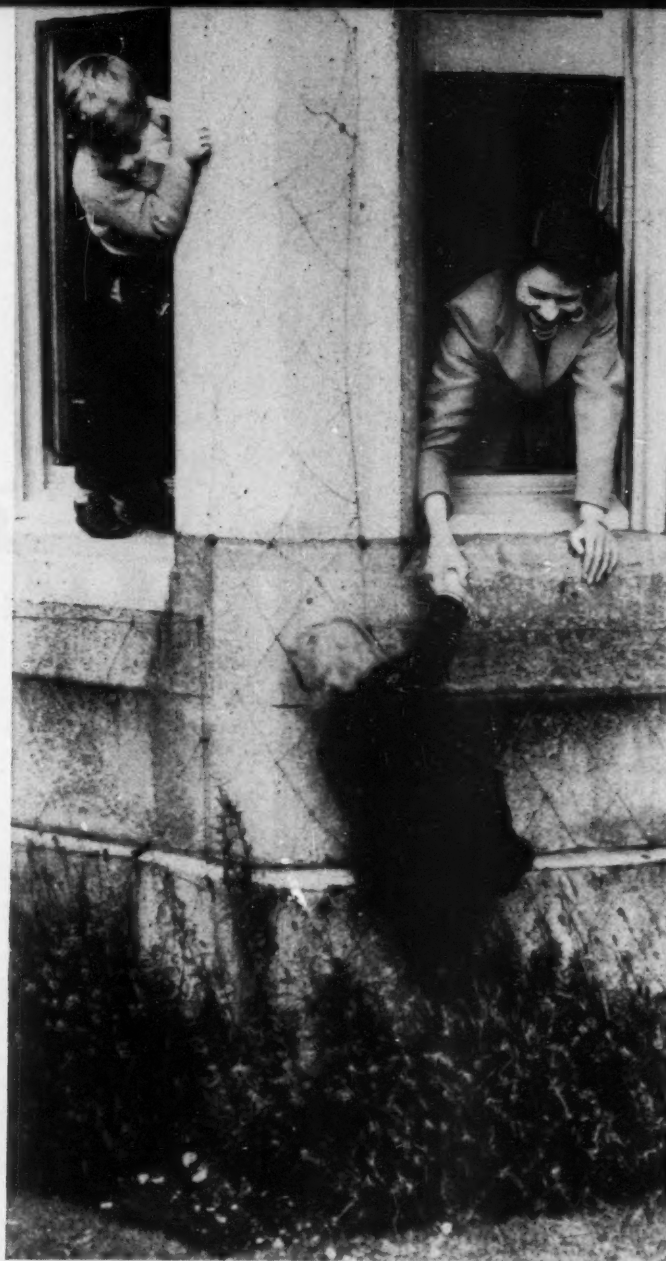
British children are often reminded that "Prince Charles wouldn't do a thing like that" or "Princess Anne wouldn't speak to her mummy that way." When Charles is pictured in a new reefer, little boys all over the realm are soon wearing the same thing; when Anne gets a new toy thousands of little girls get one just like it.

Since Charles and Anne are models for ordinary children it is natural that British mothers should feel a sense of ownership and be alert for the slightest defect. In the newsreel under discussion Charles copied his mother when she took the salute. The resulting photograph made him look more self-important than a proper little British boy ought to be, even if he happens

to be a prince. The mothers disapproved and didn't hesitate to say so.

Their disapproval was echoed in the newspapers. A few days before the Trooping ceremony Canadian servicemen and women who attended the Queen on Coronation Day were gathered with other Commonwealth troops in the forecourt of Buckingham Palace to receive Coronation medals from the Queen. But all eyes were turned upward to a balcony where the afternoon's real show was in progress. As his father saluted before a pink-cheeked youth from Vancouver, the young Prince saluted too. Anne, as sisters invariably do, tried to copy her brother but her chubby fingers caught in her blond curls. When the Queen stopped before a towering ebony-faced Nigerian the young Prince laughed and clapped with delight, and his sister did the same thing. They had a tussle with a rug, placed over the parapet by a cautious relative. Then there was more squealing, more dancing, more laughter. A pretty

Continued on page 50



The royal children are constant companions, although Charles does not share his sister's fondness for horses, while she hates to swim.

This famous photograph by Marcus Adams is in full color for framing.



*"Doggie-doggie." The child toddled to the fence
and, reaching through to pat Bruna's head, made happy
little admiring sounds. And Bruna lay there all day.*

AN EYE TO SEE

Something had gone wrong between them—what could Bruna do to take away this ache of loneliness?

BY ROBERTA ENGLE PETERS

Illustrated by William Winter

BRUNA LAY as she had been taught, motionless, between the closed door and the chair her master had vacated. Her biscuit-colored body, small for a German shepherd, was relaxed; her soft, dark muzzle rested on the floor between her forepaws. She was not asleep.

Now and then the door beside her opened and someone came in or went out. Occasionally a white-clad nurse entered through the door opposite and answered the telephone or talked with whatever person had come in.

Each time the dog's pointed ears flicked in the direction of the movement and her amber eyes, following the quicker perceptions of her nose and ears, watched. But she lay still. Trained to wait, the tremendous vitality of her wild ancestors leashed by generations of obedience and the rigid, U-shaped harness that rested on her back, she could watch indefinitely. Her keen scent and hearing kept her informed that the activity in the doctor's reception room did not concern her. She would not move until the command came.

Presently the door across the room opened and four people came through, three of them grouped anxiously just behind a tall young man who walked unsteadily, as though each step were an untried experience.

The dog's head lifted. Her whole body tensed itself and her plumed tail beat a joyous, silent tattoo. When no command came, she stayed as she lay, ears strained forward, sensitive nostrils worried. Deep, sure instincts

warned her that something was different and, being different, wrong. But domesticity had sublimated her razor-toothed defenses. The plumed tail stopped drumming and hugged her haunches. She made an uneasy, whimpering sound.

The man looked about the room as though each individual object in it were a separate miracle. When the dog whimpered, he discovered her beside the chair and stared with his swollen, blood-shot eyes. His expression changed from surprise to understanding, to recognition. Suddenly, his unsureness making him seem to plunge, he rushed across the room and dropped to his knees beside the dog.

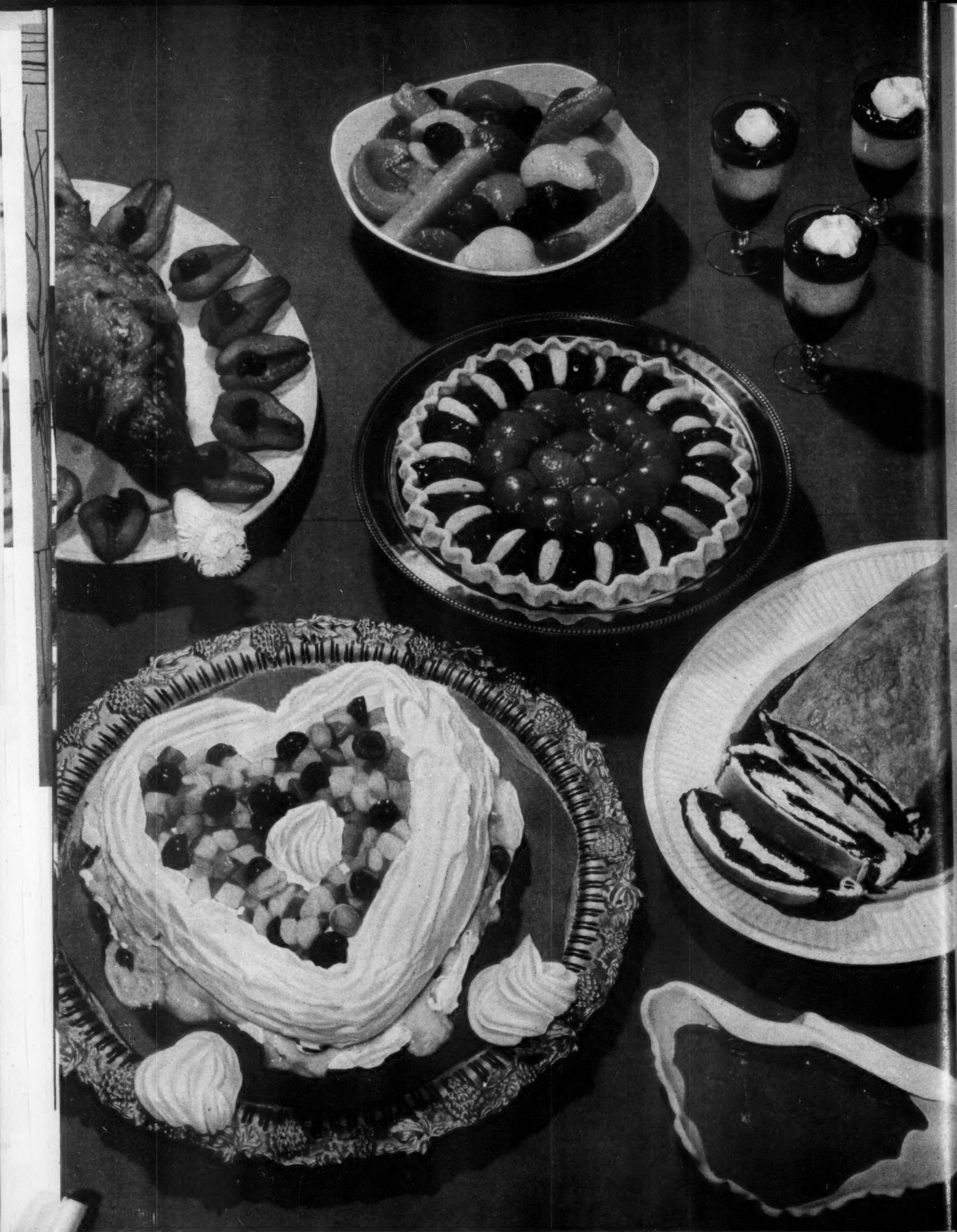
"Bruna," he said against the soft, thickly furred neck. The fingers of one hand kneaded convulsively into the dog's furry side. "Bruna! Good old girl!"

The three people behind him had stopped just inside the doorway. A stocky man in a short-sleeved white jacket watched him sharply until he knelt by the dog, then he smiled at the fair-haired young woman. When she dabbed at her eyes, he patted her shoulder. She half turned toward him.

"Doctor—?"

"It's going to be all right, Mrs. Ewart. His eyes will be weak for a while, of course. He'll have to be careful. But otherwise his vision should be as normal as it was before the war. His—" the doctor's voice deepened with humility and awe at what his own hands had wrought;

Continued on page 40



FRUIT YOU CAN PICK IN YOUR KITCHEN

Colorful canned fruit will add zest to winter meals and it's good for you too

PERHAPS BECAUSE it's so simple to zip off the top, pour the contents in a bowl and serve, canned fruit is often taken for granted as a wonderful last-minute family dessert. But with modern methods, which seal in the flavor, vitamins and minerals of ripe fresh fruits almost as soon as they are picked, canned fruit offers a bonus in good taste and health every time you serve it. On these pages are recipes and suggestions to help you bring these good foods out in company and have your own family clamoring for more, more often. When buying canned fruit read the labels carefully to make sure you are getting the particular sizes and grades you need. Select "Fancy" grade where appearance is important, "Choice" for general use and "Standard" for budget-saving puddings. You'll find peaches and pears in cans of four sizes, nearly all fruits in fifteen-ounce cans.

Store leftovers right in the can, cover and place in refrigerator. They'll keep just as well in the tin as in a bowl. Don't throw out the leftover juice. Use it for sweetening desserts, salad dressings and sauces, or blend it with unsweetened juice to make refreshing fruit-juice cocktails for dinner and punches for your parties.



By MARIE HOLMES

Director, Chatelaine Institute



MINTED PEARS WITH LAMB is a seasonal version of the well-established teaming of flavors. This is only one of many ways you can serve canned fruit with meat. Try broiled peaches with ham, or pineapple slices baked

or sautéed with sausages. Spiced canned pears, peaches, or plums are delicious accompaniments for cold meats.

For Minted Pears choose "Choice" quality canned pears. Drain off juice. Add 2 tablespoons sugar, 1 tablespoon vinegar for each cup juice. Bring to a boil, simmer 5 minutes. Add green vegetable coloring and $\frac{1}{2}$ to 1 teaspoon spearmint extract. Pour over pears and let stand. Try pineapple tidbits in your chicken or tuna-fish salads.



ASSORTED CANNED FRUIT makes a refreshing dessert anytime. We have combined pineapple spears, peach and pear halves, apricots, greengages and drained boysenberries.

Fruit Flummeries made with cherries, sliced peaches, blackberries, are good for light desserts. The juice is thickened and cooled in the serving dishes, then topped with the drained fruit.

Fruit cocktails are good beginners or finales for lunches or suppers.

Pear Surprise Salad is sure to be a favorite. Fill centre of pear with tart jelly. Cover jelly with softened cream cheese put through pastry tube. Top with chopped nuts. Arrange on shredded lettuce. Garnish with watercress.



FRUITED PUDDING PARFAITS will make a hit with the children and entice grownups to eat more milk desserts. Here we hope to tempt you with a variety of three: one with thickened cherries, another

with mashed and thickened raspberries, the third with thickened strawberries. Put fruit in the bottom of each glass. Fill to three quarters full with any desired milk pudding (preferably vanilla flavor). You can use packaged pudding powders, quick tapioca or rice for the pudding layer. Place glasses in refrigerator to chill. Then top with more fruit and a small spoonful of whipped cream or meringue just before serving.

Canned fruit dresses up the simplest of puddings for everyday meals. Try canned sliced peaches with rice. Cook the rice with a combination of the fruit juice and milk.

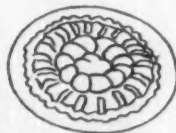


OUR VALENTINE FRUIT TORTE shows what canned fruit will do for a gala-occasion table. It's a double heart meringue with a fruited filling between the layers and fruit cocktail

on top, with extra meringues for garnish.

Just as luscious is a dessert cake filled with fruit. Make a chiffon or angel cake in tube pan. When cool, split through to make two layers. Fill with lemon filling (your own or packaged kind). Frost cake with seven-minute icing or whipped cream. Fill centre with drained chopped canned fruit. Surround cake with more fruit.

For ice-cream sandwiches, place slice of brick ice cream between slices of plain loaf cake. Top with thickened crushed pineapple combined with sliced maraschino cherries.



HONEY GLAZED FRUIT PIE like the one in our photograph opposite is a delight to make and serve. Canned apricots and prune plums are arranged over chopped

sweetened fruit in a baked pie shell. Brazil nuts are inserted in plums when the pits are removed. A honey glaze is poured over all. A short baking heats pie and blends flavors.

At the top of the list for a canned-fruit dessert is Cherry Crisscross Pie or Two-crust Pie. Be sure to thicken the juice with tapioca or cornstarch. See directions in our recipe section.

Peach Coconut Tarts are another tasty treat. Place half peach, cut side up, in baked tart shell. Fill centre with a little red currant jelly. Sprinkle with shredded coconut.

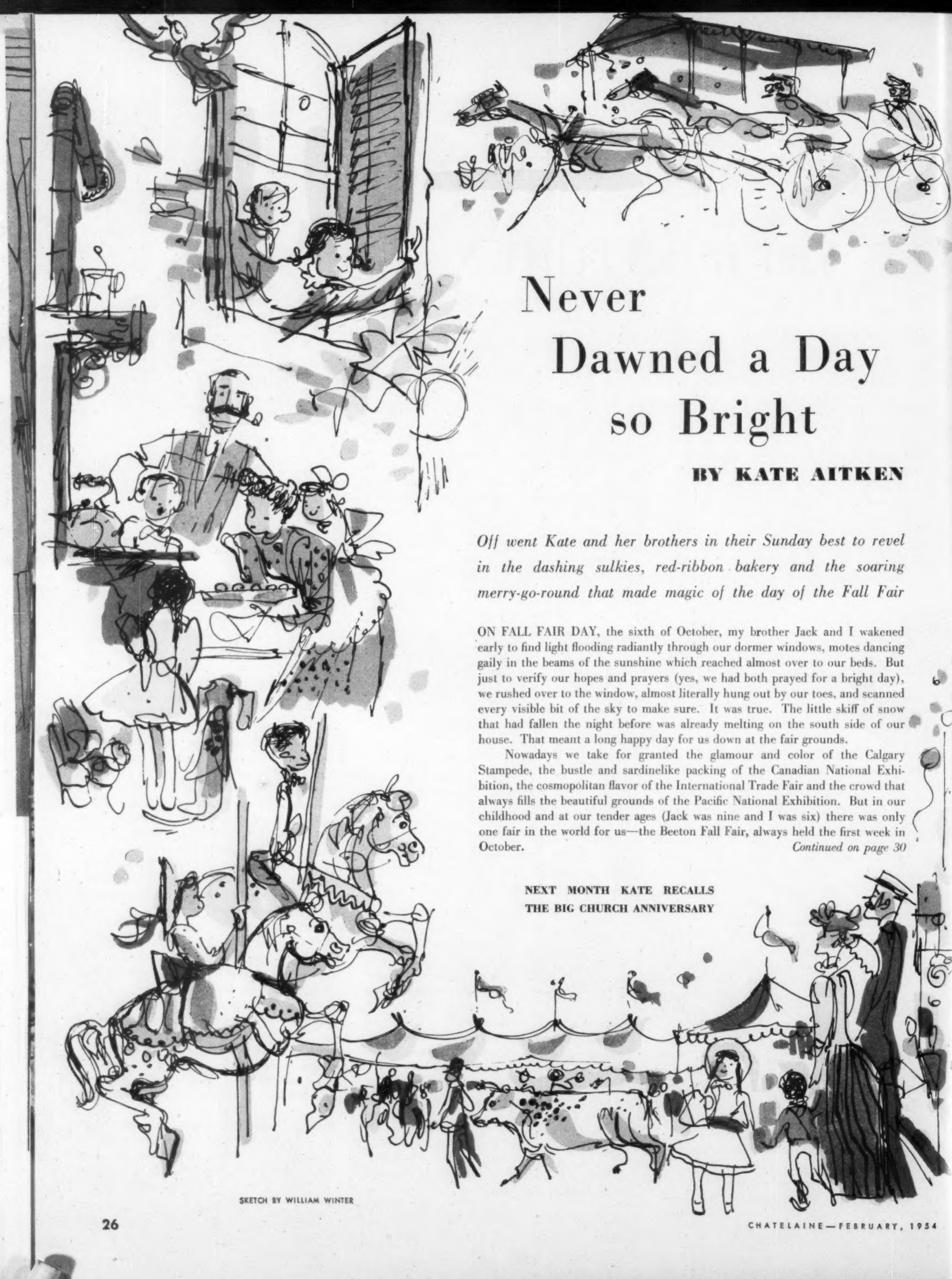


BAKED CHERRY ROLL we've featured as a reminder of the host of easy hot desserts you can prepare with canned fruit. This is made by spreading thickened canned cherries (or cherry pie

filling) over a rectangle of sweetened biscuit dough. It's then rolled up jelly-roll fashion and baked in a loaf pan. Served in slices, hot, with lots of extra cherry sauce, it is a grand finale to any meal.

More hot puddings include the CRISPS where drained canned fruit is covered with a mixture of butter or margarine, brown sugar, flour and quick cooking oats, then baked.

Recipes appear on page 36



Never Dawned a Day so Bright

BY KATE AITKEN

Off went Kate and her brothers in their Sunday best to revel in the dashing sulkies, red-ribbon bakery and the soaring merry-go-round that made magic of the day of the Fall Fair

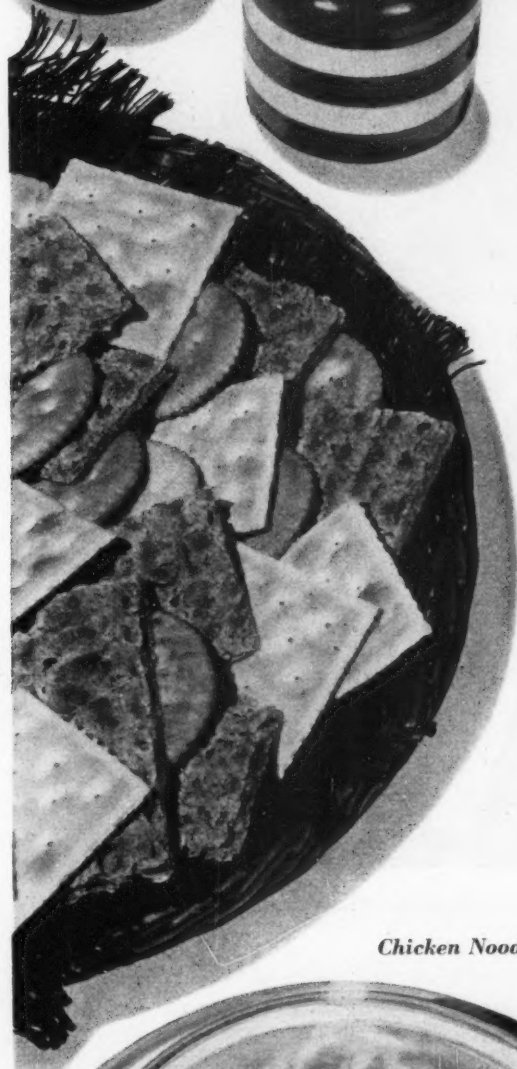
ON FALL FAIR DAY, the sixth of October, my brother Jack and I wakened early to find light flooding radiantly through our dormer windows, motes dancing gaily in the beams of the sunshine which reached almost over to our beds. But just to verify our hopes and prayers (yes, we had both prayed for a bright day), we rushed over to the window, almost literally hung out by our toes, and scanned every visible bit of the sky to make sure. It was true. The little skiff of snow that had fallen the night before was already melting on the south side of our house. That meant a long happy day for us down at the fair grounds.

Nowadays we take for granted the glamour and color of the Calgary Stampede, the bustle and sardinelike packing of the Canadian National Exhibition, the cosmopolitan flavor of the International Trade Fair and the crowd that always fills the beautiful grounds of the Pacific National Exhibition. But in our childhood and at our tender ages (Jack was nine and I was six) there was only one fair in the world for us—the Beeton Fall Fair, always held the first week in October.

Continued on page 30

NEXT MONTH KATE RECALLS
THE BIG CHURCH ANNIVERSARY

SKETCH BY WILLIAM WINTER



Tomato Soup



They're going steady! SOUP 'N' CRACKERS



by ANNE MARSHALL
Director Home Economics
Campbell Soup Company Ltd

Yes, Soup 'n' Crackers are a devoted pair . . . and seen in all the best places! Next time you serve bowls of sturdy beef soup . . . or golden chicken noodle . . . or tomato soup with its rich, zesty flavor—try this. A gala snack tray, with a tempting variety of crackers and a choice of fillings and "dips." Like cottage cheese, flecked with green pepper . . . deviled ham . . . peanut butter with crumbled bacon . . . or any favorite spread. People will eat and eat, and call for "seconds" of delicious soup and crackers.

FEBRUARY SUGGESTIONS FOR USING *Campbell's* SOUPS

Chicken Noodle Soup



Beef Soup



Good cooks keep a full soup shelf

CAMPBELL'S ARE CANADA'S FAVORITE SOUPS



Here Rosemary Boxer, who produces and commentates fashion shows, gives the lineup a final check while helping a model fix an earring a few minutes before curtain time.

Rosemary Boxer tells how to

Put on your own Fashion Show

NEED MONEY FOR CLUB OR COMMUNITY? TRY BAITING YOUR

FUND-RAISING HOOK WITH THE LURE OF A FASHION SHOW

A SPRING FASHION SHOW could be just the answer to your club's annual end-of-season problem—how to make up that deficit in the treasury. You don't need money and you don't have to be a professional producer. All it takes is a flair for fashion, shopkeepers willing to lend clothes and accessories, a crew of enthusiastic volunteers and a few husbands handy with the hammer. And you can make it pay.



HOW TO SELECT THE CLOTHES:

First consideration should be given to the type of clothes your audience will be most interested in, and this will depend largely on the kind of lives they lead. In small towns, for instance,

where living is more casual and people seldom go black-tie-and-tails, interest will centre on more practical, wearable clothes. In larger centres, where formal affairs are more numerous, interest will naturally be lively in high-style daytime and late-day clothes.

Once you've decided on the type of clothes you want in your show, you can single out a shop where they're sold and ask the proprietor to participate. In return you will give him credits in your commentary and program, if you have one. But first consider these other points.

WHEN TO PUT ON THE SHOW:

The man who runs your local dress shop will be more interested in your proposition if you time your fashion show to coincide with the arrival of his spring or fall stock. February and March are always good months for presenting his spring collection. To catch new fall and winter clothes, plan your show for August or September. These times vary, though, so consult your shopkeeper well in advance of announcing any date publicly.

HOW TO CHOOSE THE MODELS:

Do your selecting before you approach the shopkeeper and do it carefully. You'll need approximately ten models. They should all wear as close to standard twelve and fourteen sizes as possible. This will keep alterations to a minimum and enable the shopkeeper to sell the garments when the show is over. Models should be no shorter than five foot six or seven with measurements roughly as follows (but not too roughly): bust 32-34; waist 24-26; hips 34-36. Actually, the taller and slimmer your models are, the better.

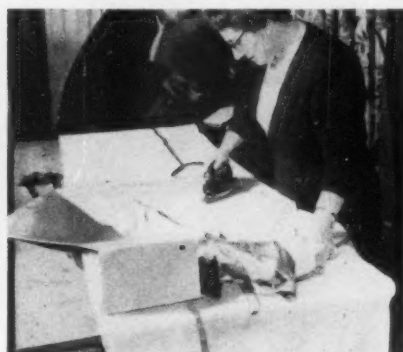
HOW TO SHOW THE CLOTHES:

Before you see the shopkeeper you should decide on the length of your show, for this will determine the number of garments you'll need. No fashion show should ever stretch beyond three quarters of an hour. Interest will lag after that, regardless of how exciting the clothes are. For this show, you'll need approximately forty-five garments, or one per minute, and ten models. About one third of this time should be devoted to daytime clothes, sportswear and outerwear; one third to afternoon ensembles and one third to late-day and evening gowns.

Once you've completed your plans to this point, visit the shopkeeper and invite him to participate in your show. Chances are he'll agree because the show will afford him an excellent opportunity to merchandise his stock. He'll be much more co-operative if he's taking an active part in the organization of the show so discuss all your plans with him. *Continued on page 48*



Accessory tables should be provided backstage to hold hats, jewelry, gloves, bags and scarves. This makes it easy for models to accessorize their costumes after they've dressed. All accessories should be placed on their proper tables immediately models return from runway so that other models can use them.

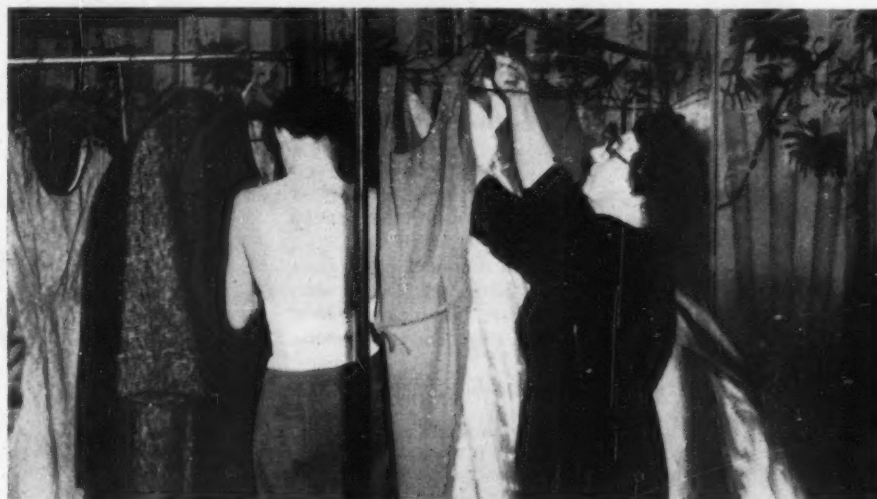


Emergency measures will reduce accident hazard. Provide dressing-room assistant with an iron, clothes and shoe brushes, and sewing kit.



Fancy footwork on the runway need be no problem. We've supplied walking diagrams on page 48, and more ideas for runway styles.

Dress racks are a must. Clothes for each model should be grouped together in order of appearance.



NEVER DAWNED A DAY SO BRIGHT

Continued from page 26

For weeks we'd listened to our father and mother talking about the fair, the extra stock that would be needed in my father's general store, the two extra helpers that would be called in. Young as we were we knew that businesswise Fall Fair Day in the store was one of the days when the money flowed in.

But far more important to us was the home-baking exhibit, one of the most popular and most keenly contested events of the whole day, even outranking the horse races. It involved both family pride and our firm belief that Mother was the world's best cook.

In those days there were no tiny muffin pans, no kitchen gadgets which

squirted icing here, there and all over, no synthetic substitute for whipped cream, and definitely no cake mixes. All baking had to be in the judging section of the fair grounds building at nine o'clock in the morning. Consequently all baking had to be done the night before and in that we all shared. My brother Bruce peeled the apples and under the watchful eye of my mother sliced them just so. My father assisted with advice. You might almost say he was the backseat driver, because my mother paid absolutely no attention to what he said. The younger members of the family were permitted to cream the butter and add the sugar, a spoonful at a time, with every few minutes the bowl being taken out of our hands and my mother saying, "Frank, don't add one bit of sugar so long as there's a grit in the bowl from the last spoonful."

For that baking nothing but the best of hardwood was put in the stove so

that the oven would be just so. No thermometers, no heat control except Mother. We never failed to be thrilled and astonished when Mother would open the oven door, thrust in her bare floured elbow and say, "Now it's just right."

In this baking contest there was the toughest competition. No one would give out a recipe and youngsters of neighboring contestants would come up to peer in our big kitchen window and then report to their mothers exactly what the Scott family was baking. But this particular year Mother really had an ace in the hole. The entry read: "Small Cakes—6 iced. Prize, 75 cents." When Mother read that prize list she had a wave of inspiration. Why not butter the inside of egg cups and bake the tiny cakes in them? So we gathered in a dozen and a half egg cups (white pottery), buttered them from stem to gudgeon, then Mother dusted over a

little bit of flour. At that precise moment, looking up from her bake table, she saw these three or four little faces at the window. "Well," said Mother very sternly, "all you children stand in front of the window and block the view." So behind a real screen of Scott backs Mother proceeded to fill the little cups and pop them in the oven.

About then we were ordered off to bed but we knew the last famous experiment was coming up and begged to view it. As I said, there were no pastry tubes in those days, but Mother had made a large cornucopia from a piece of heavy brown wrapping paper. She fastened the edges together with white of egg, snipped off the bottom to leave a tiny hole, then filled the bag with stiffly beaten egg whites cooled down a little with baking powder so that the meringue wouldn't bead on the pie. First she would twist the top of the cornucopia tight, then pressing it slowly from the top she made intricate little curlicues and lovers' knots on top of the lemon-filled pie until it looked like the creation of some architect for the top of the pillars on a public building. The browning of the meringue was almost as exacting as a surgical operation and for that the kitchen was cleared—too much nervous tension with the whole family standing round.

At Last! A Beauty Ingredient in Dishwashing Suds!

New DREFT with Lanolin



Only miracle suds with hand-soothing **Lanolin**
...plus Dreft's famous grease-cutting magic

Here is a new detergent made specially for you who want true mildness in the dishpan. Now Dreft contains soothing lanolin, the beauty ingredient found in leading hand creams.

Yet, with all this extra mildness, Dreft gives you the easiest dishwashing ever. Dreft's self-washing action cuts grease like magic. Just a swish of the cloth as you rinse, and dishes shine even without wiping.

Get new Dreft with lanolin, today!

Only Detergent with **Lanolin** added



Free Rides For All

The day before, at school, we'd all been handed our magic slips of paper which gave children free entrance to the fair grounds. Twelve years and under, the slip said, but our school principal, Mr. McPherson, was a very understanding man and actually many a thirteen- and fourteen-year-old got in free, thus saving his five cents' admission for another ride on the merry-go-round.

And that merry-go-round! Old McMurtrie, who during the rest of the year was a bricklayer, took all September and October to ferry round this merry-go-round to the whole Fall Fair circuit. At noon hour at school we'd seen two big wagon loads of equipment come in. We knew perfectly well that by five o'clock at the latest the merry-go-round would be set up and that if we hung around long enough we'd all get free rides on the trial run. So we rushed down to the fair grounds after school, little and big, to watch the operation. Little girls, indeed all the girls, were banished to the side lines. But the older boys were permitted to help. On that occasion no one dared to say, "Old McMurtrie." Rather it was, "Mr. McMurtrie, sir, could I help you?"

Each year the horses had a new coat of paint. They were white, black and dappled. Their glass eyes were as fiery as a volcano. Their painted manes were everything that a merry-go-round equestrian could wish for and the saddle seats were a shiny, bright red. And at five o'clock the merry-go-round had been set up complete with the little music box that went with it. "Free rides," shouted Old McMurtrie, "and ladies first." Round and round we'd whirl in what seemed to us a mad frenzy of speed. Actually for the little girls it was quite gentle. But when the big boys piled on, Old McMurtrie really did his stuff. He stepped up the speed, the boys hung on like grim death, yelling, shrieking, trying to stand upright in the stirrups because it was a matter of pride that Old McMurtrie shouldn't throw any of

Look lovelier in 10 days

with New Home Facial

...or your money back!



The moment you smooth this different beauty cream on your face, you're on your way to a fresher, prettier complexion. For you've taken the first step in the wonderful, new Home Facial that was developed by a noted skin specialist.



You get extra beauty action with this new Home Facial because it uses Noxzema, the only leading beauty cream that's medicated. See how this unique cream works for you—how fresh your skin becomes—how clear and satiny smooth it looks!



Follow the simple routine below and it will work for you 24 hours a day. Noxzema is especially beneficial to dry, rough or blemished skin. But more, it is a true beauty cream that can help your complexion look lovelier fast!

This new, different beauty care makes skin look fresher, clearer, prettier—keeps it that way, too!

Are you entirely satisfied with your skin? If you would like to have a naturally lovely complexion—here's the biggest beauty news in years!

A noted skin specialist worked out a different kind of beauty care—with a special beauty cream. It's actually a new cleansing method and a remarkably effective home beauty routine—all rolled-in-one!

Why it's so successful!

This new beauty care owes its effectiveness to the unique qualities of Noxzema. It's a combination of softening, soothing, refreshing and cleansing ingredients offered by no other leading beauty cream. And it's medicated—*aids healing—soothes the sting of wind and cold—keeps skin looking fresh and clear!*

Feel the exhilarating tingle!

The moment you smooth on Noxzema, you feel a cool, refreshing tingle—that tingle tells you Noxzema's extra beauty action is start-

ing to work—making your skin fresher, clearer!

Hundreds of letters praise Noxzema for dry, rough, flaky skin; for annoying blemishes; and especially for that dull, lifeless *half-clean* look of many so-called normal complexions.

If you'd like to have a fresher, prettier complexion just do this:

1 Cleanse: Apply Noxzema liberally; wring out a cloth in warm water and wash as if using soap. See how stale make-up and dirt disappear. How fresh your skin looks and feels—not dry, or drawn!

2 Night Cream: Noxzema supplies a protective film of oil and moisture—softens, smoothes and freshens your skin while you sleep. (Pat a bit extra over any blemishes—it's medicated to help heal them, *fast!*) Noxzema is *greaseless*, too! No smeary face! No messy pillow!

3 Make-up base: In the morning, 'cream-wash' again: then apply Noxzema as a long-lasting powder base. It helps protect your skin all day from chapping; from drying winds and cold.



Winnipeg: "To keep my complexion soft, fresh and free of blemishes, I rely on Noxzema skin care," says Helen Schmick. "I use it night and morning and recommend it to my friends."

Montreal: "I use Noxzema to 'cream-wash' make-up from my face," says Jeannine Quesnel. "It's a fine night cream, too. Makes my dry skin look so much smoother, clearer, fresher."



Noxzema works or money back!

In clinical tests, Noxzema helped 4 out of 5 women have lovelier complexions. Try it for 10 days—if you don't look lovelier—return the jar to Noxzema, Toronto and get your money back!

Twice as much for your money! Giant 10 oz. jar for \$1.25 at any drug or cosmetic counters. Limited Time Offer! Noxzema also available in tubes. *Made in Canada.*

NOXZEMA skin cream

them. But the younger boys wound their arms round the horse's neck, fastened their feet as far as they would stretch round the middle of the horse and quite literally prayed that it would soon be over. And all that excitement came the day before the fair.

On Fair Day we wakened early and were the first down to breakfast.

Breakfast was bedlam. Mother was so busy packing up the baking that she didn't even notice whether or not we finished our big bowls of porridge.

Everybody helped with the dishes, or swept up the kitchen and tidied things generally. We all had to make our own beds that morning and they got a very sketchy pulling up. The oil lamps had to be filled, the wicks cleaned, the chimneys polished, because Fair Day we ran an open house.

Out in the summer kitchen Mother had cold roasts of beef and cold ham. The potatoes had been peeled the day before and the turnips were soaking in salted water.

We had all our chores done by ten o'clock. Then Jack and I were permitted to dress ourselves in our Sunday clothes to go to the fair. This was always a point of great argument, because morning at the fair was open to everyone without charge. The race horses with their sulkies and drivers registered in. The horses, the pigs, the cows, the sheep—all were driven through the streets of the village and put into the cattle pen for judging. Father always said, "You know, Anne, they shouldn't wear their

good clothes down there in the morning in all that dust." And Mother would always reply, "Oh, let them go, Robert. They like to feel dressed up." And we did.

So we ran down the street with its stately maple trees bare of leaves, but plenty of them on the roadway and in the ditches. On the left of the street was a tall, narrow wooden sidewalk, then a deep ditch, then the unpaved roadway. We would fly down the sidewalk, wait till we got to the deepest ditch, then jump into the leaves feeling exactly as I'm sure Lindbergh in his Spirit of St. Louis felt when he flew the Atlantic.

The barred gates at the fair grounds were open. Like every other youngster whose mother had baked for the fair we made a beeline for the judging hall. We climbed up on the foundation, tried to find a little peephole. But the judges were smarter than we. Every window was closely covered with brown paper.

Judging wasn't over until eleven so off we roamed. No free rides on the merry-go-round this day. You had to pay for them, and that pleasure we were reserving till the afternoon. But the candy booths, the huge piled baskets of grapes, the apples left over from judging because they weren't quite red enough or large enough—all these were there.

It's a wonder we didn't die because we ate all the soft grapes, all the wormy apples our small stomachs would hold, and washed them down with a drink of cider from a big wooden tub as the man skimmed off the frothy top.

Dinner on the Hoof

We were so busy, so excited, so filled with giveaways that we forgot to watch the time. Then suddenly we saw our brother Earl waving to us. The judging was over. Over we rushed to the hall with its rough shelves and sawdust floor, there to count up our mother's red ribbons. The egg-cup cakes were a knockout. Mother got the seventy-five-cent prize. The lemon pie? Red ribbon on that too. But Mrs. Fenton, our neighbor down Centre Street, had walked off with first prize for both bread and buns. And so it went down the line. Our little community was full of good cooks and each woman got her reasonable share, which we felt was pretty square play.

Dinner at home we took on the hoof as it were. Nowadays I suppose we would call it a buffet meal. The table was spread and crowded with grownups, all in their best clothes . . . the farmers in their Sunday black, the women in their winter Sunday dresses. But to Father's great delight most of them were wearing new or made-over felt hats from our own millinery department.

And the dinner table—on it was spread the best linen cloth my mother had. There were linen napkins, platters of cold meat, vegetable dishes filled with mashed potatoes and turnips, but that was only the beginning. Everything went on the table at once—mustard pickles, chili sauce, glistening red currant jelly, bread, rolls, four or five plates of butter, canned peaches, apple pie, soda biscuits, which at that time were a real luxury. There was no formal service. Everything was passed round the table. But one thing my father did insist on, that he himself cut the cheese



Ever dream . . .

you were dancing on a star?

You know that shiver of excitement when you suddenly look *new*? A delirious dress can do it . . . or a once-in-a-million hair-do . . . that *lift* sends you dancing up to the stars. That's exactly the way you'll feel when you first wear Dream Stuff.

This different make-up is a tinted foundation and powder magically blended into one make-up! Not a drying cake or a greasy cream. Pat it on with its puff—it clings for hours. Tuck it in your purse—it can't spill! Only 75¢ in 5 dreamy shades.



Woodbury

DREAM STUFF

New! Tinted Foundation and Powder in one!

and hand it about on the tip of his special cheese-cutting knife.

We youngsters sat outside in the warm sun, listened to all the grownup conversation with the greatest intentness, although we understood very little of it, then with a lick and a promise skittered back again to the fair grounds.

But there was always the problem of finance. Just how much money would we be able to wangle out of Father? Young Jack, shrewder than I, always attacked Father in front of the visitors. And that day we each got ten cents. "Now don't waste it," said Father. And Mother added, "Don't get run over by the horses." It was an afternoon of bedazzlement. We saw the races, not caring one particle which horse won, alive only to the beautiful movement and the colored coats of the drivers. We nursed our ten cents all afternoon then, finally really splurging, we each bought two tickets from Old McMurtrie and, since it was near the end of the day, he let us stay on for four rides each.

Supper was a pretty sketchy affair at our house because everyone was getting ready for the Fall Fair concert. Everything left from dinner was put on the table for supper, including the prize baking now pretty well sawdust-coated and of course with the small piece taken out which the judges had tasted. Our big spare bedroom upstairs was turned over to visitors who were staying on for the Fall Fair concert and needed to change. There were no evening clothes, but maybe a fresh taffeta blouse and a skirt were slipped on.

The little town hall (in those days we thought it was a huge auditorium) held about five hundred people. Tickets were either reserved or just ordinary. The reserved tickets were fifty cents and the bleachers twenty-five cents. All the good chairs were moved into the reserved section. The twenty-five-centers sat on benches or chairs without backs or even wooden boxes. But to us the concert was so glamorous we could hardly breathe.

The Fall Fair committee haggled for months as to what talent it would employ. It finally wound up every year with the same people, all professionals sent from a Toronto agency—Jimmy Fax, comedian; Jessie Alexander, elocutionist; Mrs. McKelcen, vibrant soprano, with her sister Agnes Dunlop at the piano, and Harold Jarvis, tenor. All the performers wore evening clothes and Jessie Alexander's concert dress I shall never forget. It was white satin, pearl-embroidered, low cut (we thought it was a little too low), and with it she wore long white kid gloves. As always, chairman of the occasion was W. H. Hammell who for years and years had headed up the Fall Fair board.

The Hammell family was famous in our neighborhood. Originally when our township of Tecumseh was being settled, the three Hammell brothers (each with a crown grant of land) were known far and wide.

Old-timers and constant visitors to the Fall Fair concert knew that the show would open with Jimmy Fax and his well-known imitation of an Irish newcomer to Canada. But like a family joke which is enjoyed every time it's repeated, that Irish opening really warmed up the show.

Mrs. McKelcen always sang as her opening number, Listen to the Mocking Bird, and that too was an old favorite.

Jessie Alexander? The Face on the Barroom Floor sent the shivers up our backs year after year. And when Harold Jarvis sang Asleep on the Deep, we all became sailors over the bounding main.

By ten o'clock the show was over. No cocktail parties, no after-theatre entertainment, for everyone was so thoroughly exhausted and exhilarated by the day's performance that home they went and to bed.

But the next morning the magic still lingered. All the talent stayed at the

Queen's Hotel directly opposite our house and store. The famous performers left on the eight o'clock train. So up we got, rushed into the spare bedroom, pressed our faces against the glass to witness the exit of those fabulous creatures who had sung, recited and amused us the night before. Even stripped of their stage clothes and in ordinary everyday outfits, there hung about them the lure of theatre land which we saw only once a year.

In those days there was no necessity

to have loud speakers playing Come to the Fair. We all came because, except Christmas, it was the biggest occasion in our young lives. And when at breakfast my father would turn to my mother and say, "Anne, we did a good day's business yesterday," then our cup really ran over. ♦

Next Month:

Kate Aitken continues her reminiscences of her small-town childhood and tells about the day of the church anniversary.

how to plan a dream...



A COSY HOUSE, a warm fire, and John Bradley day-dreams about next year's vacation. But John knows from experience that careful planning of all details is necessary if his family is to enjoy every minute of those two weeks next summer.

Wherever family happiness is concerned, careful planning is necessary to make dreams of the future come true. When it comes to your Life Insurance, a periodic review of your family's needs will help you guarantee that they will have the kind of future you want them to enjoy.



YOU WILL FIND that the Manufacturers Life representative in your community is a valuable partner in helping you plan adequate life insurance protection for your family. Ask him about our special Security Graph Service.

THE
MANUFACTURERS
INSURANCE **LIFE** COMPANY

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO, CANADA

Chatelaine Meals of the Month

February

	BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER		BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON OR SUPPER	DINNER
MON 1	Tomato Juice Rolled Oats Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Chicken Noodle Soup Egg and Lettuce Sandwiches Sliced Banana Milk Tea	Baked Canned Luncheon Meat Barbecue Sauce Scalloped Potatoes Cherry Roll Peas Fruit Sauce Coffee Tea	SAT 20	Stewed Apples Cereal with Dates Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Individual Chicken Pies Brown Bread Canned Berries Milk Tea	Grilled Kidneys Scalloped Potatoes Shredded Red Cabbage Carrot Pudding Foamy Sauce
TUE 2	Orange Sections Whole-wheat Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Creamed Salmon on Toast Raw Carrot Sticks Half Grapefruit Milk Tea	Stewed Spareribs Dumplings Diced Beets Mashed Turnip Coffee Wafers Tea	SUN 21	Orange Juice Waffles Coffee Syrup Cocoa	Oyster Stew Crackers Assorted Cheese Fresh Jelly Roll Tea	Pork with Spiced Peaches Whipped Potatoes Mashed Turnips Lemon Meringue Pie Coffee Tea
WED 3	Grapefruit Juice Soft-cooked Egg Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Pancakes with Bacon on Toast Tossed Salad Vanilla Milk Shake	Pot Roast of Beef Boiled Potatoes Parsnips Blanc Mange with Canned Raspberries Coffee Tea	MON 22	Apple Juice Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Poached Eggs on Toast Sliced Orange and Grapefruit Jelly Roll Milk Tea	Pork and Mushroom Casserole Baked Potatoes Buttered Carrots Fruit Tarts Coffee Tea
THU 4	Prunes with Lemon Prepared Cereal Toast Coffee Honey Cocoa	Macaroni and Cheese Hard Rolls Apple Sauce Ginger Snaps Milk Tea	Vegetable Soup Cold Sliced Pot Roast Creamed Potato Raisin Cupcakes Coffee Tea	TUE 23	Stewed Prunes Crisp Bacon Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Baked Corn Pudding Graham Wafers Tart Jelly Hot Chocolate	Onion Soup Cold Cuts Potato Salad Cole-Slaw Blueberry Cobbler Coffee Tea
FRI 5	Apple Juice Grilled Kippers Toast Coffee Cocoa	Potato Salad with Deviled Eggs Mixed Canned Fruits Iced Cupcakes Milk Tea	Broiled Cod Fillets French Fries Broccoli Prune Whip with Custard Coffee Tea	WED 24	Half Grapefruit Prepared Cereal Toast Coffee Honey Cocoa	Tuna Fish Salad Hot Rolls Prune Whip Milk Tea	Brown Veal Stew with Potatoes, Carrots, Celery Raspberry Tapioca Parfait Coffee Tea
SAT 6	Prepared Cereal with Sliced Banana Toasted Rolls Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Shepherd's Pie Chili Sauce Vanilla Rennet Pudding with Red Jelly Milk Tea	Baked Beans with Wieners Cole Slaw Brown Bread Ice Cream Sandwiches Fruit Sauce Coffee Tea	THU 25	Tomato Juice Oatmeal Porridge Toasted Rolls Coffee Jam Cocoa	Assorted Sandwiches Pickles Butterscotch Pudding Milk Tea	Baked Sausage with Pineapple and Rice Apple Sauce Spice Cake Coffee Tea
SUN 7	Half Grapefruit Parsley Omelet Toast Coffee Conservé Cocoa	Jellied Fruit Salad Bran Muffins Frosted Layer Cake Hot Chocolate with Marshmallows	Hot Baked Ham Whipped Potatoes Spinach Lettuce Frum Dressing Plum Crisp Coffee Tea	FRI 26	Oranges Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Conservé Cocoa	Cream of Celery Soup Crackers Steamed Spice Cake Foamy Sauce Milk Tea	Steamed Whitefish Egg Sauce Parsley Potatoes Peas Plum and Apricot Pie Coffee Tea
MON 8	Orange Juice Whole-wheat Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Cheese Soufflé Toasted Muffins Apricots Milk Cake Tea	Sliced Cold Ham Browned Potatoes Cabbage Baked Apples with Cream Coffee Tea	SAT 27	Grapefruit Juice Whole-wheat Porridge Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Scalloped Tomatoes with Bacon Cinnamon Apples Cookies Milk Tea	Liver and Onions Mashed Brown Potatoes Cream Style Corn Chilled Lemon Pudding Coffee Tea
TUE 9	Stewed Apricots Prepared Cereal Muffins Coffee Jam Cocoa	Ham Sandwiches Sweet Pickles Tapioca Cream Milk Tea	Baked Vegetable Dinner (potatoes, glazed onions, corn scallop, sliced beets) Cherry Crisscross Pie Coffee Tea	SUN 28	Bacon Fruit Cup Toast Coffee Eggs Marmalade Cocoa	Cottage Cheese Salad with Sardines Whole-wheat Rolls Hot Mince Tarts Milk Tea	Broiled Beefsteak Mashed Potatoes Green Beans Apricot Gingerbread Upside-down Cake Coffee Tea
WED 10	Tomato Juice Oatmeal Porridge Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Pea Soup Crackers Butter Tarts Milk Cheese Tea	Scalloped Ham with Potatoes and Carrots Green Beans Cottage Pudding Sauce Coffee Tea				
THU 11	Apple Sauce Whole-grain Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Scrambled Eggs Brown Bread Toast Crisp Celery Doughnuts Milk Tea	Hamburger Patties Baked Potatoes Squash Mixed Fruit Cakes (leftover pudding) Coffee Tea				
FRI 12	Grapefruit Juice Griddle Cakes with Syrup Coffee Cocoa	Sweet Potato and Apple Casserole Canned Greenbeans Cookies Milk Tea	Poached Finnan Haddie Lima Beans Brussels Sprouts Cranberry Whip Coffee Tea				
SAT 13	Mixed Vegetable Juice Whole-wheat Porridge Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Potato and Onion Soup Crackers Banana and Walnut Salad Milk Tea	Minute Steaks Mashed Potatoes Carrots and Peas Rice and Raisin Pudding Coffee Tea				
SUN 14	Sliced Oranges Poached Eggs on Toast Coffee Cake Coffee Honey Cocoa	Tomato Jelly Salad Hot Cheese Biscuits Valentine Meringue Fruit Punch	Roast Lamb Minted Peas Browned Potatoes Creamed Celery Ice Cream Maple Syrup Coffee Tea				
MON 15	Pineapple Juice Prepared Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Cocoa	Italian Spaghetti Dill Pickles Celery Curls Half Grapefruit Milk Tea	Liver and Bacon Pan-fried Potatoes Harvard Beets Caramel Pudding Coffee Tea				
TUE 16	Grapefruit Sections Rolled Oats Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Pear Surprise Salad Raisin Bread Cup Custard Milk Tea	Lamb Curry Fluffy Rice Turnips Fruit Jelly Whipped Cream Coffee Tea				
WED 17	Blended Fruit Juices Whole-grain Cereal Toasted Raisin Bread Coffee Jelly Cocoa	Cream of Tomato Soup Sardine Sandwiches Sliced Bananas Milk Tea	Bacon and Eggs Mashed Potatoes Canned Corn Apple Crisp Coffee Tea				
THU 18	Orange Halves Prepared Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Cocoa	Cabbage, Carrot and Peanut Salad Stewed Prunes Crisp Cookies Milk Tea	Chicken and Dumplings Buttered Asparagus Cherry Almond Bavarian Coffee Tea				
FRI 19	Prune Juice with Lemon Whole-wheat Porridge Toast Coffee Jam Cocoa	Tomato Juice Toasted Cheese Sandwiches Sherbet Brownies Milk Tea	Salmon Loaf Celery Sauce Baked Potatoes Spinach Peach Shortcake Coffee Tea				

Chatelaine Recipe of the Month

† VALENTINE MERINGUE

3 egg whites
2 cups sugar
1½ teaspoons cream of tartar

¼ teaspoon salt
2 teaspoons vanilla

Beat egg whites until frothy. Sift sugar, cream of tartar and salt together. Add very slowly to egg whites, alternating with vanilla and continue beating until very stiff. Beat five minutes after all sugar is added.

for 1½ to 2 hours or until very delicately browned. Turn off heat and allow meringues to cool in the oven. (They may be made the day before they are to be served.)

Fruit Filling:

5 egg yolks
2 tablespoons corn-starch
¼ cup sugar
3 tablespoons lemon juice

1/3 cup orange juice
1 teaspoon grated orange rind
2 cups canned fruit cocktail
2 tablespoons butter
¼ teaspoon salt

Beat the egg yolks, add the cornstarch, sugar, lemon and orange juice and grated orange rind. Drain the fruit cocktail and add the juice to the egg yolk mixture. Place over hot water and cook until thickened, stirring frequently. Add the

butter and salt, remove from the heat and fold in part of the drained fruit, reserving enough to garnish the top. Cool. Drained halved maraschino cherries may be added to the garnish for an extra Valentine touch.

* Recipe appears elsewhere in this issue

Polly wants a name!



The Ford '54 Skyliner... a car that's planned to delight your eye and set your spirits soaring! A panel of plexiglass covers the entire front section of the roof. Comes equipped with Automatic Drive, Heater and White Sidewall Tires.



Listen in —
"THE GREAT GILDERSLEEVE"
Wednesday evenings
over CBC
Dominion Network

Name "The Great Gildersleeve"
parrot in Parkay Margarine's
Canadian Contest

Win a '54 Ford Skyliner!

plus special bonus prize of 250 gallons of gasoline!



3 CONTESTS... 3 CARS... 231 OTHER PRIZES!
Enter all 3 contests as often as you wish!

1st Contest ends midnight February 6, 1954
2nd Contest starts February 7, ends midnight February 20, 1954
3rd Contest starts February 21, ends midnight March 6, 1954

78 prizes given away every 2 weeks!

1st PRIZE
New 1954 Ford Skyliner, plus 250 gallons of gasoline as a special bonus prize if 2 Parkay "yellow end flaps" accompany your entry.

2nd PRIZE
Westinghouse DFE-84 "Frost Free" Refrigerator.



3rd PRIZE
Combination Radio-phonograph, or 21" TV Set.



4th PRIZES
10 Westinghouse Roaster Ovens.



5th PRIZES
15 Westinghouse Steam-Dry Irons.



Plus 50 prizes, each consisting of 6 pairs of "Powers Model" 60-Gauge Nylons.



Follow these easy rules to win!

- Print or write clearly your suggested name for the parrot. Use the coupon in this advertisement, a plain piece of paper or an entry blank from your grocer.
- Print your name and address on each entry. Include also name and address of the grocer from whom you buy Parkay Margarine.
- Send in as many entries as you wish. Write each name suggestion on a separate entry blank.
- With each entry enclose the yellow end flap from any package of Parkay Margarine. To be eligible for the bonus award of 250 gallons of gasoline to Ford Skyliner winners, enclose yellow end flaps from two packages of Parkay. (In each case, reasonable facsimiles will be accepted.) Every qualifying entry received will be judged.
- Mail entries to Parkay Margarine, Box 2310, Terminal "A", Toronto, Ontario.
- There will be three fortnightly contests. First contest closes February 6, 1954. Second contest closes February 20, 1954. Third contest closes March 6, 1954. Entries received before midnight February 6 will be judged in the first contest. Thereafter, entries as received will be judged in the then current contest. Entries for the final contest must be postmarked before midnight March 6 and must be received by March 13. No entries will be returned and no correspondence entered into. Kraft Foods Limited assumes no responsibility for entries lost or delayed in the mail. Entries with inadequate postage do not qualify and will not be considered. You accept all conditions of rules when you enter.
- Contest prize winners will be notified by mail. No one person may win more than one prize in each of the three contests, nor more than one first prize in any of the contests. Complete list of winners will be sent on request to anyone sending a self-addressed stamped envelope at close of final contest. Winners names will be published.
- Prizes as listed elsewhere in this advertisement will be awarded to the contestants whose name suggestions are considered most original, most unique and most apt by the judges. Judges' decision is final. In case of a tie, entry with earliest postmark will be declared winner. All entries become the property of Kraft Foods Limited.
- This contest is open to any person living in those provinces in Canada where the sale of margarine is permitted by provincial law. Residents of Quebec and Prince Edward Island are not eligible. Employees of Kraft Foods Limited, its advertising agencies and members of their families are not eligible to enter this contest.

Don't delay! Enter today! Enter often!

A fun contest for the whole family!

If you owned a parrot, what would you name it? That's the problem The Great Gildersleeve and his pals are up against!

They don't want to call it "Polly". That's too ordinary. So Gildy is calling on his Canadian friends to help out with an appropriate name for this green-feathered pet.

Your whole family will have fun suggesting names—and you may win a wonderful prize. See listing at left.

Here's all you do: Go to your grocer's and buy a package of Kraft's delicious Parkay Margarine. Tear off the yellow end flap and mail it to Parkay with your suggested name for the parrot. Use the entry blank on this page or obtain extra entry blanks from your grocer. You can enter as many names as you wish.

Bonus Prize for Ford Skyliner Winners

It's easy to qualify for a special bonus prize. Just include with your entry the yellow end flap from two (2) packages of Parkay Margarine instead of one. Then if your name for the parrot is awarded a first prize, you will receive a bonus of 250 gallons of gasoline for your shining new 1954 Ford Skyliner.

(Your entry will receive the same consideration for First Prize if only one end flap is enclosed. The only difference is you will not be eligible to receive a special bonus prize of 250 gallons of gasoline.)



KRAFT'S PARKAY spreads smoothly even when ice cold!

Send yellow end flap with your entry

You'll love the way Kraft's Parkay Margarine tastes! And you'll love the way it spreads—even when you take it ice cold from your refrigerator! Grocers carry Parkay in handy Color-Kwik bag, regular 1 lb. pack and 2 lb. economy size.

CLIP THIS ENTRY BLANK TODAY!

Mail to Parkay Margarine, Box 2310, Terminal "A", Toronto, Ontario. Enclose the yellow end flap from any package of Parkay Margarine. To be eligible for the special bonus prize of 250 gallons of gasoline for Ford Skyliner winners, enclose two yellow end flaps.

My name for the parrot _____

My own name _____

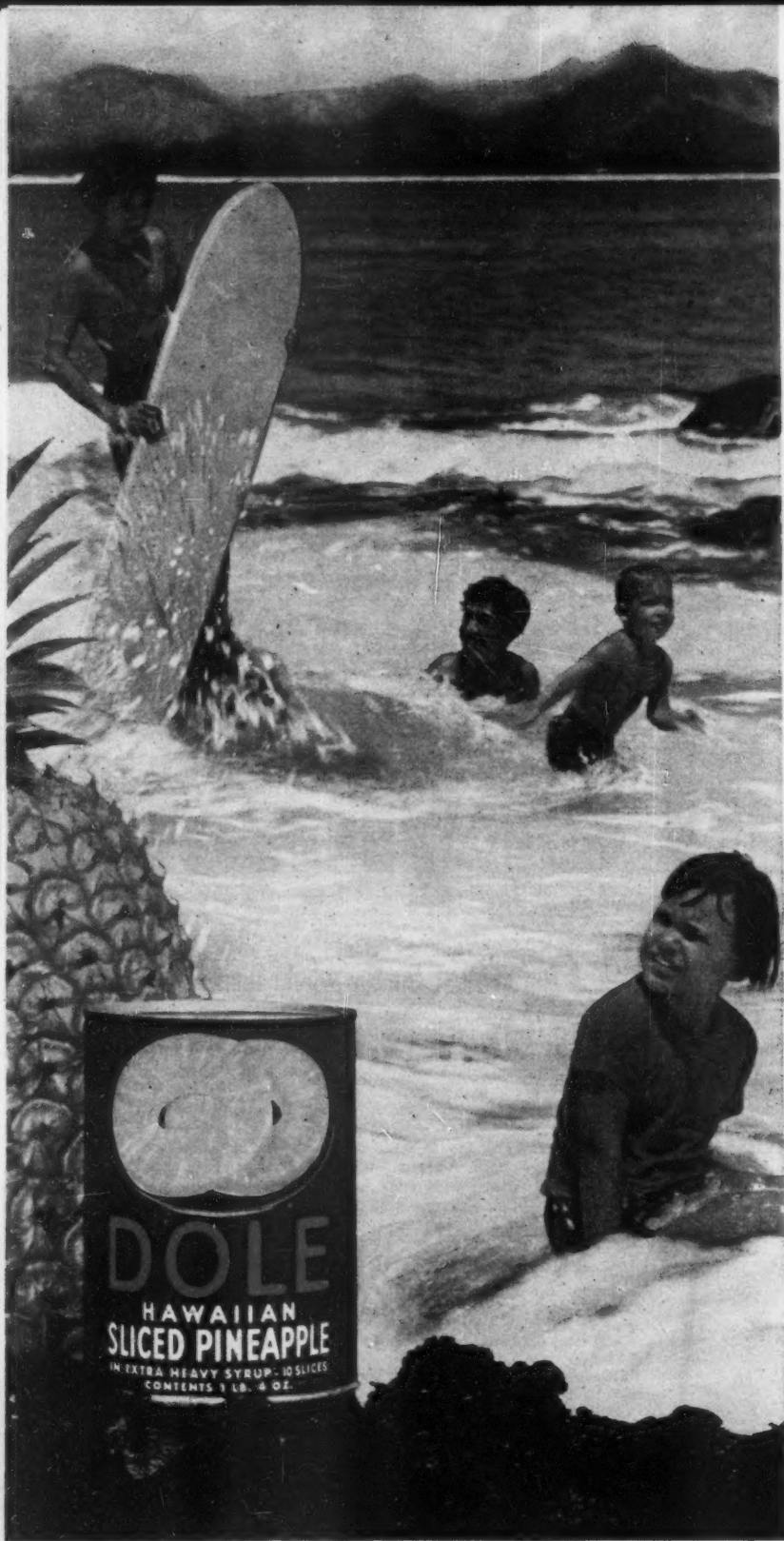
Address _____

City _____

Prov. _____

Grocer's name and address _____

Get additional entry blanks from your grocer or use plain pieces of paper.



ISLAND WATER-BABIES, PHOTOGRAPHED IN HAWAII BY ANTON BRUEHL

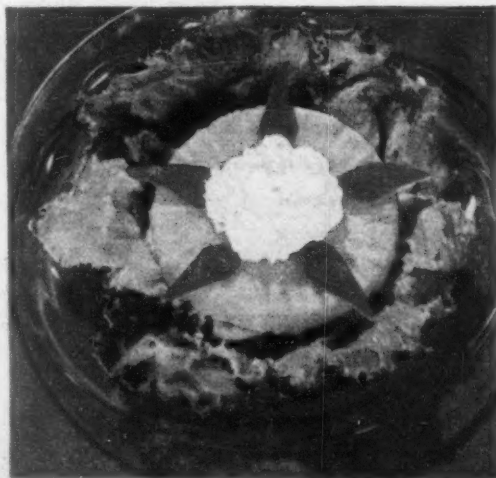
Be sure it's HAWAIIAN- Be sure it's **DOLE**

Only golden DOLE Pineapple has that full, rich "just-picked" flavor and fragrant bouquet that says "Hawaii" with every bite!

Serve these firm, juicy DOLE Slices right from the can, or, for a colorful Poinsettia Salad* do this: place a sunny DOLE Slice on crisp lettuce, fill center with cream cheese, and arrange five strips of pimiento to simulate petals. Add a little pineapple syrup to mayonnaise for a smooth dressing. Try this, soon!

*By Patricia Collier, DOLE Home Economist

Be sure to enjoy DOLE frozen-fresh Pineapple Juice and Chunks, too! At your grocer's now.



FRUIT YOU CAN PICK

Continued from page 25

SPICED CANNED FRUIT

Drain off juice from canned pears, peaches, plums or pitted cherries. To each cup juice add $\frac{1}{4}$ cup brown sugar, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 4 cloves and 1 stick cinnamon. Bring to a boil, then simmer for 5 minutes. Pour over fruit. Cover and let stand for several days.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

CHERRY, ALMOND BAVARIAN

Fold 1 cup fancy pitted cherries and $\frac{1}{2}$ cup chopped toasted almonds into partially set plain Bavarian pudding. Or fold this quantity of fruit and nuts into cooled quick vanilla pudding.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

FRUIT FLUMMERY

1 (20-ounce)	2 tablespoons corn-
can berries	starch
$\frac{1}{3}$ cup sugar	2 tablespoons lemon
	juice

Drain juice from berries. Combine sugar and cornstarch and add juice gradually. Cook over direct heat, stirring constantly until thickened. Simmer gently for 5 minutes longer. Add lemon juice. Partially cool, then pour into serving dishes. Let stand until cool. Top with the drained fruit and chill thoroughly before serving.

Note: Pineapple, chopped peach and cherry flummery can be made the same way.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

APRICOT AND PLUM PIE

$\frac{1}{2}$ package vanilla	10-12 shelled
pudding mix	Brazil nuts
2 cans (20-ounce)	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup honey
large prune plums	1 tablespoon butter
1 can (15-ounce)	or margarine
apricots	$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon cinna-
	mon
	Baked pie shell

Make pudding according to directions on the package, using juice from the apricots as part of the liquid. Spread this mixture in the baked pie shell. Arrange drained stoned plums around the edge, alternating with lengthwise pieces of Brazil nut. Arrange apricot halves in the centre. Heat together the honey, butter and cinnamon and pour over the fruit. Bake for 15 to 20 minutes in a hot oven (400 deg. F.). Serve hot.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

CHERRY PIE

(Two-crust or Crisscross)

$1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons	$\frac{1}{4}$ teaspoon almond
quick tapioca	extract
2 tablespoons sugar	2 cups drained pit-
Few grains salt	ted cherries
1 cup fruit syrup	Pastry for two-crust
1 teaspoon butter	8-inch pie

Combine tapioca, sugar and salt in saucepan. Add syrup from fruit. Cook slowly over direct heat, stirring constantly until thickened. Add butter, almond extract, then add fruit. Cool, then pour into pastry lined pie plate. Cover with top crust. Place in preheated oven (450 deg. F.) on lowest rack. Bake for 10 minutes, then reduce heat to 350 deg. F. and bake 20 minutes longer.

Note: For Crisscross, make lattice top crust with strips of pastry.

Canned Berry Pie

Make as for Cherry Pie omitting almond extract. Substitute 1 tablespoon cornstarch for the tapioca.

Canned Peach Pie

Make as for Berry Pie. Add 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

CHERRY ROLL

Make biscuit dough using 2 cups flour or use prepared biscuit mix. In either case add 1 to 2 tablespoons of sugar to the recipe. Roll the prepared dough into a rectangle about $\frac{1}{2}$ inch thick. Drain the juice from about 2 cups of canned cherries. Spread cherries on rolled dough to within $\frac{1}{2}$ inch of the edge. Dot with 3 to 4 tablespoons butter and roll up like a jelly roll. Bake in a greased loaf pan in a hot oven (425 deg. F.) for 30 to 40 minutes. Serve warm with:

CHERRY SAUCE

$1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons	1 to 2 tablespoons
cornstarch	sugar
$\frac{1}{8}$ teaspoon salt	1 tablespoon lemon
$\frac{1}{4}$ cup cold water	juice
1 cup cherry juice	1 teaspoon butter

Mix cornstarch and salt with the cold water. Heat cherry juice and sugar in top of double boiler. Add cornstarch mixture and cook until thickened, stirring constantly. Continue cooking over hot water for 5 minutes. Add lemon juice and butter and stir until the butter is melted and blended. Serve hot.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

FOAMY FRUIT SAUCE

To thicken syrup from canned cherries, berries, plums, apricots, etc.: mix 2 teaspoons cornstarch and 2 tablespoons sugar for each cup syrup. Add the syrup and cook over direct heat, stirring constantly until thickened. Add 1 teaspoon lemon juice and fold in one beaten egg white.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

PLUM CRISP PUDDING

$3\frac{1}{2}$ cups canned	4 tablespoons butter
prune plums	or margarine
2 tablespoons sugar	$\frac{1}{3}$ cup brown
1 tablespoon flour	sugar, firmly
2 teaspoons lemon	packed
juice	$\frac{1}{3}$ cup flour
	$\frac{1}{4}$ cup quick cook-
	ing oats

Pit plums and place in greased baking dish. Combine the sugar and 1 tablespoon flour. Sprinkle over the prunes. Add lemon juice. Cream butter or margarine and gradually blend in the brown sugar, then flour and oats. Spread over plums. Bake at 375 deg. F. for 35 to 40 minutes. Serve warm with pouring or whipped cream. Makes 4 servings.

Approved by Chatelaine Institute

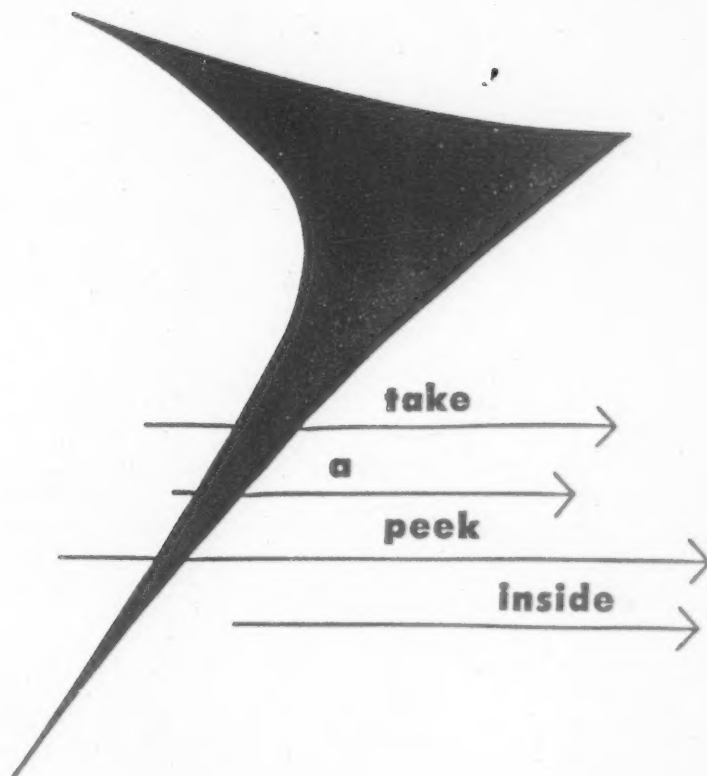
APRICOT GINGER UPSIDE-DOWN CAKE

On greased (9-inch) cake pan or 2-inch-deep casserole dish sprinkle $\frac{1}{2}$ cup brown sugar. Spoon $\frac{1}{2}$ cup orange marmalade over sugar. Arrange canned apricot halves cut side down over mixture. Cover with gingerbread batter (your own or one from packed mix). Bake for 40 to 50 minutes in moderate oven (350 deg. F.). Turn out upside down. Cut in squares or wedges and serve warm with Foamy Apricot Sauce or sweetened whipped cream. +

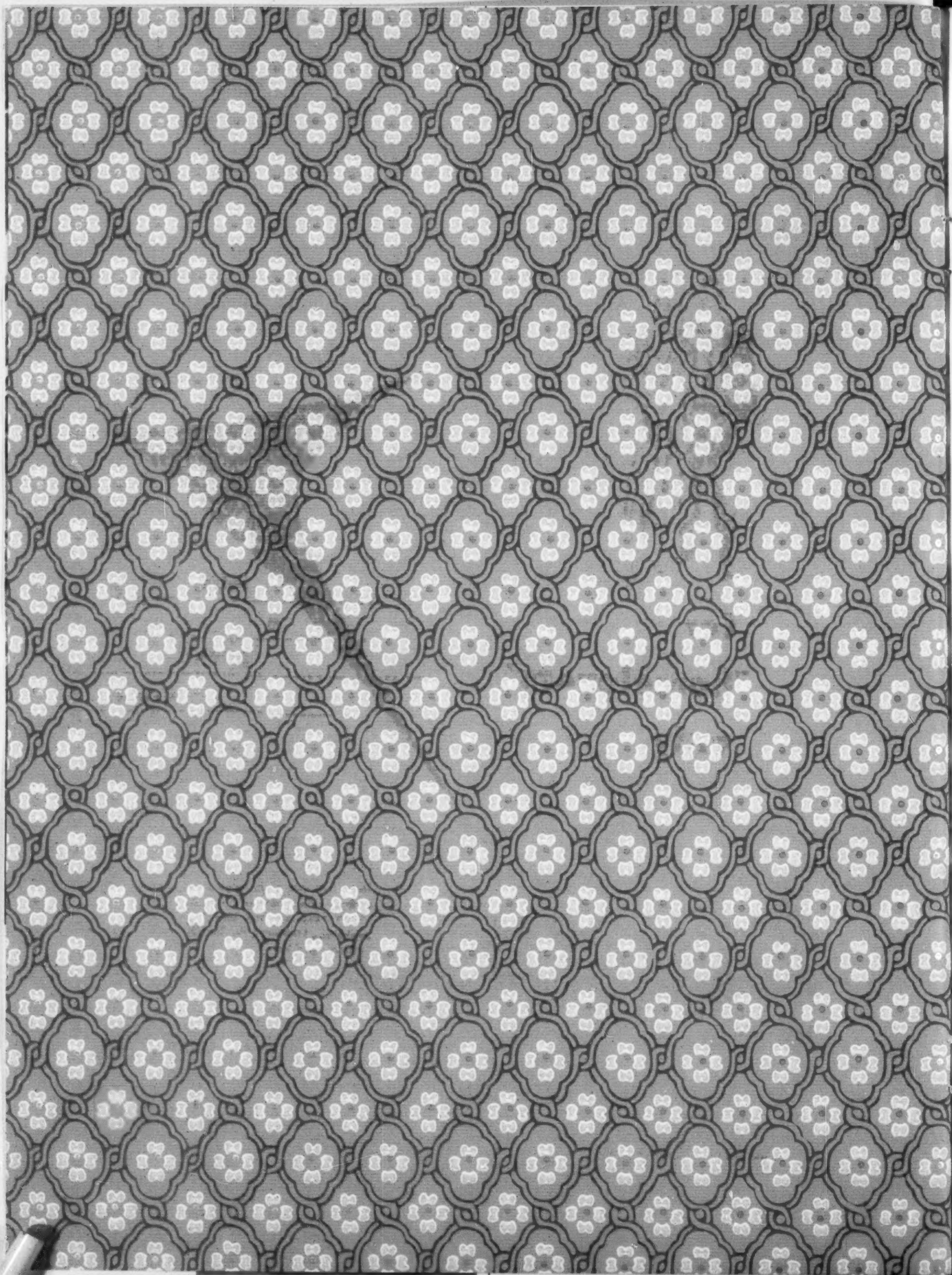
Approved by Chatelaine Institute



**for
"homelovers"
only**



The reverse side of this page is an accurate color reproduction of one of the many new and beautiful Semi-trimmed Sunworthy WASHABLE wallpaper designs.



So much **more** beautiful
and it **washes** so easily!



You can work wonders with **Wallpaper!**

Here's *your* escape from drab, painted walls! Now, your rooms can come alive . . . with beautifully designed and colored papers to suit every taste. Surround yourself and your lovely furnishings with the warmth, the individuality, and the charm that only *wallpaper* can provide.

And do you know how *practical* wallpaper is today? Here's news — Sunworthy wallpapers are now safely, easily, and *repeatedly washable*! What's more, Sunworthy wallpapers are economical, and their matchless beauty lasts and lasts! Make your choice from *hundreds* of delightful patterns and colors.

Make a date to decorate with

Sunworthy
Washable WALLPAPER

◊ Illustrated is "Petite", pattern # 443, available in sunset rose, wedgewood blue, saffron yellow, lagoon green and oxford grey.

AN EYE TO SEE

Continued from page 23

"his days of darkness are over."

Bruna kept an ear cocked toward the scene across the room but all of her real interest, all of her affection, focused on her master. Trained for her entire adult life to serve one man, she responded in her own way to his caress, licking his hand as she might have tried to comfort a puppy. But her steel-muscled body still quivered with its knowledge of strangeness and she continued to make little whimpering sounds of uneasiness.

When the girl stood beside them, the man raised his head.

"Jack!" she said softly. "Oh, Jack!"

Jack Ewart rose to his feet then. He gave the girl a shaky, half-embarrassed smile. Touching a tear on her cheek with his finger tip, he said gruffly, "Here,

now. You're supposed to be happy."

The muscles under Bruna's rumpled fur rippled and, to rearrange her coat, she shook her head and as much of her body as she could in her prone position. Her uneasiness dimmed and she stopped whining. Head and eyes alert, ears trained forward to miss no faint sound, she waited.

The four people talked. Jack Ewart watched the other three faces as though he could never get enough of seeing them. Once the nurse went to a desk, wrote something on a piece of paper, went to give it to Jack's wife, changed her mind and, smiling, handed it to him. Then they were all shaking hands. Jack walked to the corner where the dog lay.

"Bruna," he said. "Here, girl."

The dog scrambled to her feet and stood beside him, eager and proud, the U-shaped leash just beneath his hand. But no groping touch reached for it. Instead, the hand patted her head with

strange and unfamiliar accuracy.

"Good girl," Jack said. "We won't need that any more. Never again."

The harness swung from his hand. Bruna shook again, her head, then her forequarters, then hindquarters, in quick succession. Then she lifted her muzzle and examined her master. Able to interpret only the inflections of his voice, her wordless canine mind groped for some association. It could be a new game. Eager to co-operate, she gave a sharp, tentative bark.

Jack turned to the doctor. "She's almost human. She's trying to say she's as—as glad as the rest of us." Then, to the dog, "Okay, Bruna. Let's go."

Bruna sat on her haunches and watched him with her head cocked slightly to one side, her intelligent eyes puzzled.

"Bruna!" Jack's voice went to the old command, sharpened ever so little. "Forward!"

Quickly then the dog moved to his left side. Although her long wolf's face was still perplexed, the set of her head less proud, she left the room walking there, the forepart of her body just ahead of her master.

In the lobby of the doctor's office building, just before they emerged into the white afternoon sunshine, the dog's steps hesitated and then stopped.

Absorbed in the life-giving adventure of using his own eyes again, with Eleanor close at his side, Jack walked a few more steps before he noticed. Then he turned around and spoke. Bruna stood still and watched him, yellow eyes wary and troubled.

The old command, a little sharper this time, brought her to his side and she trotted there, her body always in the guiding position half its length ahead of him, until they reached the parking lot.

Bruna took her place beside the car's front door, locating it for him. But Jack said, "Here, let's put you in first," and, while Eleanor walked around to the driver's side, opened the back door for the dog.

Bruna understood from his tone only that she had made a mistake, and all of her training had been not to err. Her ears drooped and she didn't move. Jack gave her haunch a light, sharp slap.

Bruna cringed from her god. In a world suddenly cold and alien, she tucked her tail between her legs and hung her head.

Jack said impatiently, "Come on, Bruna. We've had about enough of this. Hop in."

Bruna understood then. She climbed into the car and, curling her big body into the smallest possible space, lay on the floor.

When the motion of the car stopped and her sharp nose brought her the familiar scents of home, she raised her head. Jack was already climbing, alone and unaided, from the car. Bruna curled more tightly into her corner. Not until the car doors closed and the footsteps that had once gone nowhere without hers beside them sounded, retreating, on the walk, did she get up.

For the first time since puppyhood, she was alone and forgotten. Her idol, the hub of her entire world of instincts and perceptions and usefulness, was already so far away that only her keen senses of hearing and scent could locate him. She gave a sharp, frantic bark.

Eleanor came back and opened the car door. Bruna wriggled out almost before the opening was wide enough and reached her master in a few long, loping strides. She nudged his hand and pranced beside him.

But Jack was gazing at his home. Bruna's steps calmed, became sedate and then hesitant. Her eagerness wilted. There had been no welcoming pat, no word of command or praise.

She fell behind but still, because her world had no other meaning, following when all her life had been to lead, she went with him to the house. She backed off and watched when he took the key from Eleanor and, smiling, opened the door himself.

It was Eleanor who turned and said, "I think that dog's sick. Maybe she should stay outside tonight."

Jack turned, too, remembering at last. "Here, Bruna. Poor old girl. What've you been eating?"

Bruna pressed herself against his side



Helen Davis—Brampton housewife says: "Palmolive did wonders for my skin. I'll always stay with it to keep that Schoolgirl Complexion!"

Deanne Conacher—Univ. of Toronto says: "With Palmolive, I need no other beauty aid, because Palmolive keeps my skin so soft and smooth."

Canada's loveliest women choose

'BABY MILD' PALMOLIVE SOAP

TO GUARD THAT

Schoolgirl Complexion Look!



36 Doctors proved "Baby Mild" Palmolive Soap can give you a softer . . . smoother skin—a *Schoolgirl Complexion*—in just 14 days! Here's all you do: Each time you wash, massage Palmolive's pure "Baby Mild" lather onto your skin for 60 seconds. Rinse! Pat dry! That's all. Remember, "Baby Mild" Palmolive—made with Gentle Beauty Oils—guards your *Schoolgirl Complexion* the year 'round—regardless of the weather!

For loveliness all over—bathe with "Baby Mild" Palmolive!



refreshing! exciting!

the way *inlaid* LINOLEUM is leading today's trend to decorative floors



This trim, tailored dining room floor is Dominion Battleship (Plain) Linoleum in interesting ivory, dark blue and light blue tile arrangement.



TODAY'S HOMEMAKERS are putting colour where it counts—on their floors, the largest decorating area in the home. Richer, fresher-looking *linoleum* shades—yellows, greens, blues, browns, greys and reds—are replacing dull, uninteresting wood-browns.

Dominion Inlaid Linoleum... silk-smooth, cork-quiet... is the perfect family-home flooring—easy to clean, stays fresh and unscuffed under heavy wear, cushions footfalls and softens sounds. It's a permanent floor as well as a floor covering, so you save the cost of a finished wood floor under or wall-to-wall carpeting on top. (Linoleum looks lovely combined with scatter rugs or carpet areas.)

With Dominion Inlaid Linoleum you can dream a theme to fit every room—it comes in a complete range of wonderful shades and colours. Illustrated booklets to help you plan may be obtained by writing: Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Co. Limited, Home Planning Dept., D1, 2200 St. Catherine St. E., Montreal.

TILES AND BY-THE-YARD

Marbleum • Battleship • Jaspé • Handicraft

DOMINION *inlaid* LINOLEUM

made only in Canada... sold by style-setting Canadian retailers



Jaspé Pattern J-701 combines with a trim in Jaspé J-725 to create a floor of beauty in this charming living room.

Dominion Oilcloth & Linoleum Company Limited, Montreal

kindly WARNER'S*...

smoothly shaping you to **FASHION'S NEW FIGURE**

Ah! You're breathing again, my beauty! Fashion loosens her grip on your waist... the jutting hip is a curve again... and Warner's have the loveliest ideas on whisper-light control for your natural lines. Warner's Strapless Corsetlette in embroidered nylon marquisette and nylon elastic. Three-quarter bra turns down for décolletés. White only at better stores.

Warner's Bras... Girdles... Corsetlettes.
Parisian Corset Mfg. Co. Ltd.
Quebec • Montreal • Toronto

Strapless Corsetlette
No. Y3311



TRADE MARK
REGISTERED

and tried to lick his hand.

Thoughtfully, Jack rubbed her ears. He said, "I guess you're right, honey. Can you put her bed in the garage?"

The outdoor kennel of her puppyhood was lost to Bruna's memory. At first she just lay quietly and waited. After that, when no one came, she barked and whined at intervals all night from loneliness and frustration and the universal anguish of the unknown.

The next morning she looked gaunt and tired when Jack opened the door, but she greeted him with frenzied whimpers of excitement and gladness. She licked his hand wildly.

She was fed in the kitchen. She sniffed at her dish, took one or two half-hearted gulps of food, and then went to lie beside Jack's chair. While he sat at breakfast she napped a little, exhausted from the restless night, all four paws twitching nervously each time she slept.

Later, when Jack took his coat and walked, not quite so unsteadily now, toward the door, Bruna ran to his side and whined and then trotted to the closet where the harness hung. After Jack had talked to her and rubbed her head, she went down the walk beside him, in her old position slightly in the lead. When his step slowed, she adjusted hers automatically even though she wore only a light collar.

When they reached the first corner she stopped at the curbing. Ignoring her warning, he stepped unhesitatingly down and into the street. Bruna gave a short, worried bark and didn't move until he called her. After that she stood still at each corner and waited and barked or whined until he commanded her on.

Gradually, she learned that she was free. The first brief, independent excursion she made was only a few steps from his side, to investigate a small, arched and spitting, cat. She didn't bother the cat and she returned at once to her place, tail and head hanging guiltily. When no rebuke came, she wandered farther the next time, and then farther still.

It was on one of these excursions that she discovered the baby. It staggered on fat, unsteady legs across a lawn cluttered with odd pieces of furniture and the paraphernalia of a large moving van. Bruna caught the child's scent and the chattering sounds it made. Then the uncertain, unguided steps across the lawn struck a responsive cord in the dog's trained brain. Bruna went to the fence to investigate. She gave a little bark of curiosity and interest.

The child saw her and stared in astonishment. With a squeal of delight it turned its staggering steps toward the fence, but the change of direction was too much. Its already precarious balance failed; it fell headlong and began to cry. Bruna leaped the fence easily and ran to sniff it.

Jack saw the baby fall and laughed. Then, when Bruna began to sniff at it and it wailed loudly, he called to her. At that moment a young woman came running out of the house and snatched the child from under the dog's nose.

Hugging the baby close, the woman stomped her foot and cried, "Go away! Bad dog! Go away!" Still holding the child high, she turned and followed two men who were carrying a large chest into the house.

Soft downy cotton

air-woven on specially softened gauze . . .

New Kotex with Wondersoft Gauze Covering

For utmost comfort and security...
KOTEX WONDERFORM BELT

Your choice of white or pink in soft-stretch elastic—strong, light-weight, non-twisting, non-curling. Stays flat even after many washings. Dries quickly. (Why not buy two—for a change?)



—brings you an entirely new experience in lasting comfort

Softer! Softer by far—is the new Wondersoft covering that only new Kotex gives you. It's air-woven! A downy film of cotton blown on specially softened gauze. Each fluffy particle is firmly adhered. And each gauze thread is "locked in"—to assure extra strength.

A Safer Softness. The very look of new Wondersoft covering tells you it's more absorbent. Hold it up to the

light. You'll see the fluffy cotton webbing... how open it is to admit *all* moisture *quickly*, (the edges stay dry). So with new open-weave Wondersoft covering you get absorbency that doesn't fail... the protection you *need* for safety, comfort and daintiness.

New Kotex has other advantages, too. For instance: only Kotex has flat pressed ends... so there's no revealing outline. And best of all, new Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing—to retain its fit and comfort for hours. (For maximum comfort, read carefully complete instructions in package.)

There is only one
KOTEX*...
ask for it by name!

KOTEX COMES IN 3 ABSORBENCIES
Regular (blue box) Junior (green box) Super (brown box)

*Reg. Trade Mark



Bruna's eyes followed the baby and its mother; her ears and her sharp nose considered them. Then she retreated obediently toward the summoning voice of her master.

When they were home again, Bruna stood patiently aside and waited for the door to be opened, but Jack said, "You have to learn to stay outside sometime, old girl. Might as well begin now."

For a time Bruna barked and whimpered and pled through the door. Then she curled herself into a ball on the porch, eyes mournful and ears listless.

When the postman came up, she whined. He gave her a wide berth but he said, "Shut up, you." Then Bruna caught the hated odor of fear. She curled back her lip and snarled. The postman left hurriedly.

☆ ☆ ☆

HEATED ARGUMENT

By Lorrie McLaughlin

No matter how little it costs me to heat

The six rooms that I fondly call mine,

Some woman I meet or the man down the street

Spends fifty bucks less and heats nine.

☆ ☆ ☆

She spent the rest of the morning in the centre of the porch, growling at anyone who started up the walk. Once she actually lunged toward a young delivery boy, who threw his package on the steps and fled.

In the afternoon she ran away. Following some wild and hitherto dormant instinct, she trotted along the sidewalk, through an alley and out to the street again, until she had made a block-wide, irregular circle around the house where the baby had been. She held her head high and sniffed into the breeze. Then, cutting across the yards of the neighboring houses, clearing two or three low fences easily, she trotted leisurely around the house in a circle perhaps half the size of the first. She stopped on the sidewalk and regarded the activity of the mover's men, then she went closer and investigated the van.

Finally she made a complete tour of the house itself, trotting cautiously, alternately sniffing the air and snuffling along the ground and the door-sills and low casement windows. She was so preoccupied that Jack's voice calling over and over went unnoticed until she stood once more beside the moving van, unsatisfied and uncertain. Then the sound of her name set up the old reflex and she trotted briskly home.

Jack said, "I don't know what's got into her. For three years she didn't leave my side, and now she won't even come when I call."

Eleanor was standing at the door. "Well, maybe she wandered too far away to hear you."

Jack watched Bruna with a puzzled frown. He shook his head. "No, if she heard me the last time, she heard me the first. She just wouldn't come."

Bruna didn't whine so long in the garage that night, but she ate only a small part of her food. She quivered once more with excitement when Jack

let her out the next morning, and she abandoned her breakfast to lie close to his chair.

Later, banished again to the front porch, she growled at her new enemy the postman, raising her voice to a snarling bark when he made a cuffling motion toward her with his free hand. He was becoming bolder; he retreated less hastily than before.

She lay curled in a streak of sunshine and dozed for a long while. Then, as though in response to a summons, her head lifted, slowly coming alert. She scrambled to her feet, stood uncertainly on the steps for a moment, and then trotted off down the street.

The baby was playing on the lawn, rolling a ball. Unhesitatingly, Bruna ran up and sniffed it over. The baby crowed and raised its arms and gave the dog's big head badly aimed, delighted pats. Bruna stood patiently, tail swinging, until the child tired and went back to its ball. Then she lay down beside it. When the ball rolled and the child moved a few feet away, Bruna followed.

The young woman hurried out of the house and Bruna turned toward her, tail brushing the grass rhythmically, wistfully, but she did not rise.

The woman stood and looked at the dog. To herself, she said, "Must be used to children." But after a moment she picked up the baby and stomped her foot. "Go away! Go on!"

Obediently, Bruna jumped over the fence and trotted around the corner. She stood quietly there and waited until the woman had put the baby down and gone back into the house. Then she returned to the child's side.

The next time the woman came out of the house she stooped down and, pulling it gingerly around to where she could see it, looked at the tag on Bruna's collar. Bruna's tail thumped and her bright, intelligent eyes watched.

The woman said, "Why, that's two or three blocks away!" She picked up the baby and straightened. "Go home!"

Eying her warily, Bruna backed away. The woman picked up a clod of earth from a flower bed and threw it at her. Bruna stood watching until the clod hit her flank. With a yelp, she fled over the fence.

The next day, she bit the postman.

The morning was sultry and the postman, already sour and tired, came across Bruna lying directly in his path. Emboldened by her listlessly stretched body and her failure to look up or growl, rather than make his customary wide detour around her, he walked within a foot of her head. Savagely and efficiently, with no fuss and no lost motion, Bruna bit him.

The postman swore and kicked viciously. Bruna dodged and ran around the house. The door slammed and Jack and Eleanor rushed out.

Bruna stood for a moment listening to the rising, excited voices. Then she lay down behind the shrubbery, close to the house, her body flattened against the ground. She didn't move even when, later, Jack began to call her. When he finally found her, he chained her near her bed in the garage.

She didn't whine or bark any more, although she stayed chained in the garage for ten days. Jack left the big door open in the daytime, and at first she lunged half-heartedly against the chain when she saw him coming. Gradu-

Continued on page 46



Ardena Invisible Veil

Elizabeth Arden's New

Solid Compact Powder — Completely Different

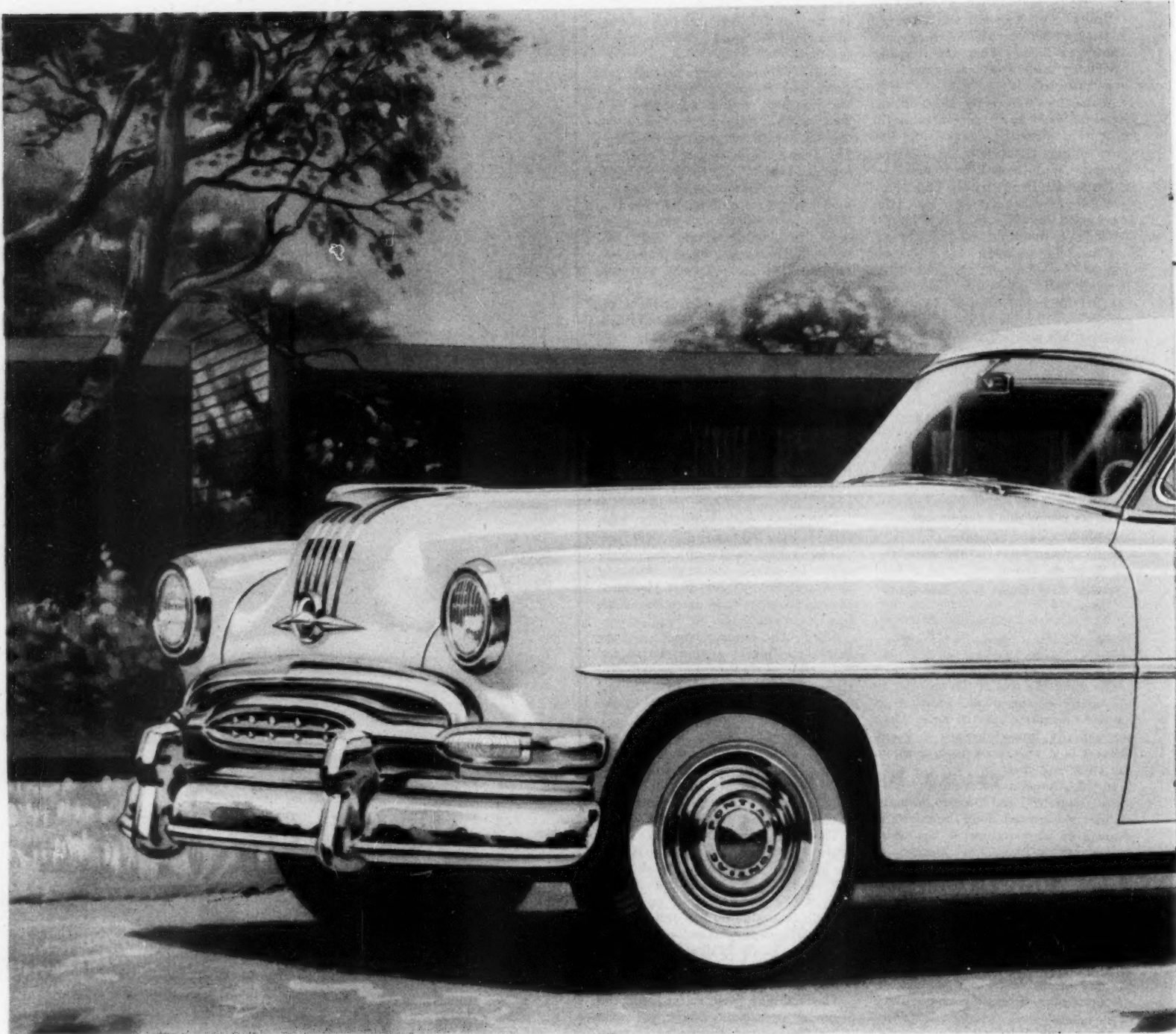
Once you try this wonderful new solid compact powder, you will never be without it! Goes on with a soft mat finish, completely blocks out shadows, and it never flies or mists as you use it. No other powder in the world gives your face such a look of softness.

Elizabeth Arden has captured this translucent veil of beauty and put it in creamy solid form in a beautiful Napoleonic Compact. An exciting accessory to carry in your handbag . . . white, black, pink, or dark blue, crested in gold.

Invisible Veil . . . in 10 graduated shades . . . 225

Elizabeth Arden

LONDON • NEW YORK • PARIS • TORONTO



A GENERAL MOTORS VALUE

PRESENTING THE NEW 1954

Star Chief Pontiac



AND 5 OTHER GREAT SERIES

CHATELAIN — FEBRUARY, 1954



ILLUSTRATED—The handsome, New Pontiac Star Chief Custom Four-Door Sedan

A COMPLETELY NEW LINE BRINGING NEW LENGTH, BEAUTY, LUXURY AND POWER TO PONTIAC'S LOW PRICE RANGE

Here's the happiest combination of quality and value in Pontiac history—the first genuine luxury car ever to appear in Pontiac's low price range. It's the new Star Chief Pontiac—you can see it now at your dealer's!

And this completely new line is just one reason why you should visit your Pontiac dealer soon. You'll want to see the five other brilliant Pontiac series which have great new features and style, too. For instance, both the famous engines have been improved for even greater efficiency. Compression ratios have been stepped-up, and the "8" now delivers 127 horsepower with automatic transmission. There are three separate chassis with three different wheelbases. There's newly styled Body by Fisher—multiple color preferences—color-keyed upholstery fabrics—just to name a few of the features standard on every Pontiac.

Pontiac now offers, optional at extra cost, all the modern power controls of the finest cars. There's a choice of two proven automatic transmissions. There's the extra control of Power Brakes and Power Steering. And also optional at extra cost in many models there's the comfort of air conditioning and the convenience of automatic window lifts.

And just think of this—there's a choice of no fewer than 31 glorious models from 6 series—Pathfinder, Pathfinder Deluxe, Laurentian, Chieftain Special, Chieftain Deluxe, and the new Star Chief.

Yes, there are many reasons for *seeing* the new 1954 Pontiacs at your dealer's soon. But when you see them—and try them—you'll find there are many, many reasons for *owning* a Pontiac in 1954.

DOLLAR FOR DOLLAR YOU CAN'T BEAT PONTIAC

"COPPER PROTECTS YOUR LIFE'S LARGEST INVESTMENT!"

Exciting new trends in home-building and furnishing are attracting Canadians' attention in every province today. Ten splendid new "Trend Houses" now a-building in ten major Canadian cities symbolize the most inviting aspects of modern living.

Fresh ideas keynote the fashioning of these selective "Trend Homes"; new uses of materials, functional trends in architecture, basic improvements in externals, all designed to meet the particular climate of each locality. These marked innovations in modern home construction reveal decisive

(Advertisement)

steps toward achieving the ultimate in comfort, colour and beauty derived by homeowners. Builders are using new exterior materials, suggesting unusual interior treatments.

One of the most notable trends today points directly toward the ever-increasing use of Copper in Canada's new dream homes. Anaconda Copper offers an unlimited variety of ways in which the red metal can make a home happier to live in. For example, rustless copper tubing has no equal for radiant heating panels, plumbing, heating, vent and drainage lines. Sheet copper provides a complete rain disposal system—flashings, valleys, eavestroughs and

downspouts. Solid brass or bronze hardware offers lifelong service. Bronze screens defy time, weather and insects. A water storage tank of Anaconda Everdur guarantees rust-free hot water. Bronze weatherstripping keeps out cold drafts.

These proven Anaconda Copper applications explain the modern building trend toward using more and more Copper today inside and out. In every province, progressive builders and homeowners are specifying Anaconda Copper. They know you save when you specify the red metal which offers such a wide range of protective services for the largest investment in the average man's life.

AN EYE TO SEE

Continued from page 43

ally, although he still petted her and talked to her, she stopped lunging, and by the end of the time she didn't even raise her head to greet him. She drank the milk he brought her and ate a few mouthfuls of food. Her coat became rough and she no longer bothered to prick her ears at strange sounds.

Once a stranger came into the garage with Jack. He knelt beside Bruna and looked at her eyes and under her lips. After he touched her, Bruna awoke and rolled her eyes and watched him, but she didn't offer to move.

The man said, "Looks healthy. No sign of disease you can see. Sometimes they act funny when they're shut up, especially these big ones. But it's only been a week, hasn't it? Better wait another three or four days. If she doesn't die within that time, then she's not rabid, and everything's okay."

Bruna closed her eyes.

When at last Jack unfastened the chain from her collar, she didn't get up. He backed off a few paces and called to her. She watched him without interest until he slapped his leg and made his voice enthusiastic. She got up then and walked to him and, when he kept talking to her, followed him out of the garage.

She didn't go more than a few yards from the garage that day but she ate a little more of her food in the evening. She made no attempt to follow Jack into the house.

The next morning she wandered around the yard, nosing its various corners disconsolately, as though it were a strange and uninteresting place, and she spent hours sleeping in the sun. She paid no attention whatever to her enemy, the postman. Once she stood for a long time on the sidewalk, body at attention, nose held high as though searching for some half-remembered scent.

Early in the afternoon, hesitantly and with many sniffing little detours, she trotted off down the street.

When she came to the house with the low fence, she stopped and watched the child playing inside. After a while she lay down by the fence, her body pressed against it, her muzzle turned toward the child.

When the child saw her it beat its hands together and called, "Doggie-doggie-doggie!" Bruna wagged her tail but didn't move.

The child toddled to the fence and, reaching through it to pat Bruna's head, made happy, admiring little sounds. Bruna's tail beat the ground and her ears and eyes strained toward the child.

Bruna lay there all day, returning home only when the child was called inside again and some instinct told her that it would not come back so late in the day. Even then, she did not leave until the long shadows had merged into dusk.

The next morning Bruna started down the street toward the house, a little more purposefully than before, omitting all the detours.

When she was still several yards away, she saw the small, unsteadily moving figure on the sidewalk and paused. Her nose and ears considered and then, alert

there's copper in Canada's future

Toronto
goes
underground

ANACONDA
FIRST in Canada
for Copper, Brass and Bronze

On Toronto's famous Yonge Street, some 90,000 people ride the surface cars each day. At rush hours, the narrow artery is jammed with traffic. It takes 47 minutes to go from end to end of the route. But that will soon be over. A new \$60,000,000 subway will cut running time to 17 minutes—save citizens a staggering 936,000,000 minutes of travel time a year!

Anaconda is naturally proud of the important part played by Copper and its alloys in this big project. For here is another instance where these metals were chosen because of long life, plus ability to defy rust, and withstand corrosion. This proves again the wide versatility of Copper. It adds another page to the record of Anaconda, long recognized as Canada's main supplier of Copper, Brass and Bronze.



Perfumed with a mild fresh fragrance

This is what you voted for—Sani-Flush with a mild fragrance that leaves bathroom atmosphere refreshed. And the toilet bowl sparkling clean. Sani-Flush works chemically—no messy scrubbing. Cleans thoroughly, even the film you can't see. Made in Canada. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie & Co., Ltd., Toronto, Ont.

Sani-Flush



for a

REALLY CLEAN toilet bowl



MAKE VERY SURE it's 'Vaseline' Brand

Don't be content with a substitute. The pure petroleum jelly you want always carries the trade mark 'Vaseline'. Ask for it—look for it—no imitation of the genuine is ever as good.

Ladies...EARN up to \$23 Weekly and Get Your Own Dresses FREE

That's the opportunity that is open to you in your spare time showing the lovely Fashion Frocks which are so popular in the U.S. Just let your friends and neighbors see the samples, take their orders and send to us, receiving generous commissions in advance. No canvassing or experience necessary. We deliver and collect. Get full details of this remarkable offer and Style Portfolio by rushing name, address and dress size on post-card.

NORTH AMERICAN FASHION FROCKS LTD.
2143 Parthenais, Dept. O-212 Montreal, P. Q.

and eager but still hesitant, she trotted toward it. The child moved across the green parkway.

Closer, but still a few feet away from the child, Bruna stopped again, puzzled. The child had climbed down the curb and was walking toward the middle of the street. Something in the sight of its weaving, uneven progress awoke the old habit-patterns of Bruna's lifelong training. Cautious and watchful, walking as though on tip-toe, she moved into the street also, just beyond the child.

A car started to move out from the curb on the opposite side. A truck came toward it, driving too fast. The driver swerved toward the curb to avoid the car. Just as it swerved again in a grinding squawl of brakes, Bruna flung herself against the child, knocking it sprawling against the curbing.

The child howled. Bruna scrambled to her feet and sniffed it worriedly. She gave its face a lick. Then she just stood close by, her eyes cautious.

The man from the truck ran toward them. Bruna moved so that her body was between him and the crying child. She stood perfectly still but her throat rumbled. The man backed off respectfully.

The woman came running out. Bruna moved aside while she picked up the child and started to croon over it. But Bruna kept her body between the woman and the truck driver. She sniffed uneasily in the direction of the child, but her eyes followed the movements of the man, also. He didn't attempt to come closer.

He said, "My God, that was close! That kid—" He wiped his forehead with a large blue handkerchief and drew a deep breath. "Good thing you've got that dog, lady. If it hadn't pushed that kid—"

The child had stopped crying but the woman still held it tightly. She looked down at Bruna. "Yes," she said. She freed one hand and touched the silky spot between the dog's ears. "Yes."

After the man had gone, the woman carried the child back into the yard. Bruna hesitated, then followed the stroking hand.

The woman closed the gate and checked its latch.

"I must have left it unlatched," she told herself. "Oh, Lord! But he can reach it now. He could have unlatched it himself."

Bruna sat down and the woman looked at her.

After a few minutes, the woman put the child on the lawn. Bruna got up at once and went to it. When it walked a few steps away, Bruna stayed close to its side.

The woman said, "Here, boy. Come here."

Bruna looked at her but did not leave the child.

Then the woman said, "Stevie, come here, please."

When Stevie came, Bruna close beside, the woman caught hold of the dog's collar and pulled it around and looked at the tag again. She repeated a number over twice to herself, then walked quickly into the house and picked up the telephone.

The child found a battered tin wagon and pulled it across the lawn. Bruna walked beside him patiently, proudly, her trained senses alert and watching.

"MR. HOME MECHANIC"

DOES IT HIMSELF!

with **MASONITE**
PRESWOODS*



Does your home have growing pains? How about trading in that old, fair-weather porch—or even a breezeway—for a room you can enjoy all year long? It's easier than you think, when you call on tough, long-lasting Masonite Presdwood.

Walls, ceilings, built-in cabinetry, even the underlayment beneath the floor surface—there's a type and thickness of Masonite Presdwood for all these areas. And their cost is moderate.

All you need are ordinary carpenter's tools. These grainless, all-wood hardboard panels are easy to cut, easy to apply. Won't split, splinter or crack. And they're fun to finish—paint and enamel go on so smoothly! You can get multi-purpose Masonite Presdwood from your local building materials dealer.

FREE PLANS! Diagrams and specifications for converting an old porch will be sent you at no charge, when you fill out and mail in the coupon. Do it now!

*Registered Trade Mark

better hardboards for better remodeling



MASONITE PRESWOODS INCLUDE

STANDARD	TEMPERED	TEMPRILE
QUARTERBOARD	UNDERLAYMENT	PANELWOOD
TEMPERED EXTERIOR SIDING	TEMPERED PRESWOOD FLOORING	LEATHERWOOD

To: International Fibre Board & Plywood Sales Limited
Dept. M-96 — Gatineau, Que.

FREE!

☐ Please mail now free plan No. AE 275.

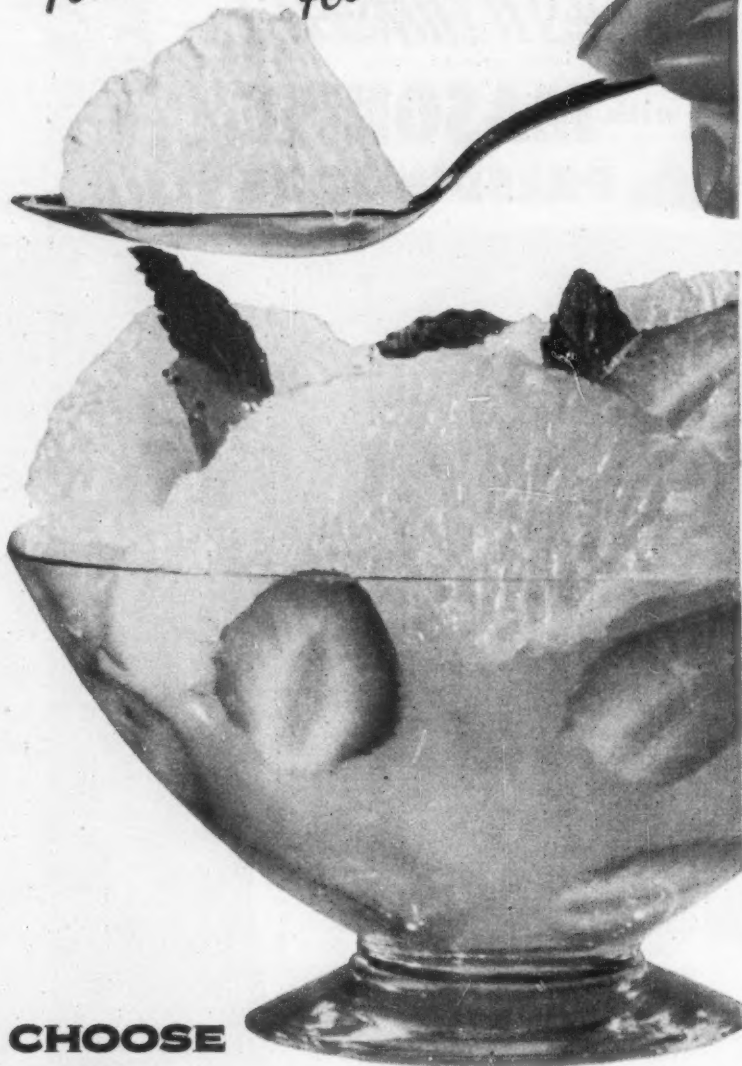
☐ Also send me free illustrated leaflet telling how I can get 65 other Masonite plans.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

CITY..... PROV.....

Feel lighter... feel brighter



CHOOSE

Grapefruit

FOR DESSERT

Delicious Florida Grapefruit is naturally sweet and satisfying. Yet a half-grapefruit contains only 50 to 75 calories! So it's the perfect way to abstain happily from those heavy-sweet things you want to avoid.

Too, Grapefruit is rated "an excellent dietary source" of Vitamin C—important for teeth and gums and for maintaining resistance to winter ills. Your body doesn't "store" Vitamin C. So enjoy tempting Florida grapefruit or grapefruit juice every day—morning, noon or night.

Your grocer's Florida grapefruit stock includes delicious, ready-to-serve canned sections, shown above. For preparing sections from fresh Florida grapefruit the easiest way, write for "Florida Citrus Fare."

FLORIDA CITRUS COMMISSION, LAKELAND, FLORIDA



PUT ON YOUR OWN FASHION SHOW

Continued from page 29

Arrange a fitting session after you've chosen your garments so that the shopkeeper can see all your models together and decide on the ones he'll best be able to fit.

How to collect accessories:

At this point in your planning you'll need accessories. If your shopkeeper stocks gloves, sweaters and blouses choose from his collection. If not, contact a shop that does. They should be willing to participate in your show in return for credit in your commentary and program—if you have one. Choose basic and neutral colors to reduce changes during the show. You'll get your jewelry, bags and hats on this same loan-in-return-for-credit basis. Select jewelry that will team well with all the clothes in your show. Pearls, plain gold and silver costume pieces are best. Models will supply their own shoes—plain black high-heeled pumps, evening sandals, and low-heeled shoes if they're modeling sportwear.

Correct make-up and runway footwork:

Some extra rehearsal will be required in these departments. Make-up must be slightly overdone because stage lights tend to obliterate features. Models will use their own individual bases, deeper rouge and more accentuated eye make-up including mascara, shadow, eyebrow pencil and an eyelid liner.

Runway footwork is outlined in the diagram we've supplied on this page. With practice, models can time their steps to the music provided during the show.

Music for your show:

Anyone who plays piano well can supply your music. Piano should be placed just below the stage to give pianist an unobstructed view of the commentator so that she can watch for cues. Musical selections should be kept at a lively tempo and at a pace which is not too difficult for models to follow as they walk. Pianist should be present at rehearsal.

How to stage your show:

Study the room in which you'll be staging your show. If it's in a community hall or church basement, there'll likely be a stage and trestle tables which, placed end to end, form an excellent runway. If the tables aren't as high as the stage, get a few husbands together to build steps down from the stage to the first table to form a continuous runway beginning on stage and continuing into the room. Tables should be braced together firmly and can be covered inexpensively with factory cotton which costs as little as thirty-five cents a yard. Use a double thickness for the top of your runway.

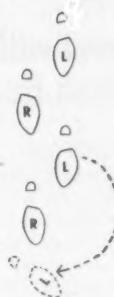
For a room without a stage you might use a series of three two-tiered podiums built from scrap lumber and covered with factory cotton. They should be ordinary stair height with the bottom section approximately four feet square

—the top slightly smaller to form a step. They should be placed roughly twelve feet apart down the centre of the room—the first not too far from dressing room. Models will execute their pauses and turns on the podiums.

Stage decorations can be donated or lent by your local florist for credits. All you need are a few well-placed fern pots. Lights and microphone can usually be

RUNWAY FOOTWORK

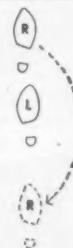
Models pause and turn at intervals, say twice on an average runway, as shown:



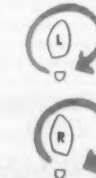
Left foot forward at indicated angle to right foot.



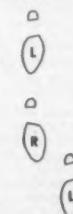
Rise to balls of feet. Pivot to face opposite direction.



You are now facing your starting point. Pause. Then swing right foot back to indicated angle from left, then:



Rise to balls of feet, pivot back to original position.



Repeat same at next interval. Same for end turns.

supplied from community hall equipment. Make sure that the dressing room is located as close to the stage as possible.

How to commentate a fashion show:

Choose someone with a good voice and some public speaking experience. A good commentary isn't wordy. Just the facts—music and models will do the rest. Keep the introduction short. Give credits to the shop which provides the clothing at the beginning and end of the show.

At spaced intervals during the show you will give credits for accessories. One mention of each participating merchant is sufficient. Commentary is written down on paper with each garment listed in order of its appearance including model's name and a fashion-point description of the garment. A copy of this lineup should be tacked on the wall of the dressing room as a guide for the models.

How to time your show:

A forty-five-minute show will have roughly forty-five garments—or one per minute. Work your ten models on a rotation basis so that they have ample time to make changes. Always have two models on view—one on the runway and another in view waiting to go on. A full-dress rehearsal will be necessary in order to time your show properly and arrange cues with pianist and models. If possible also hold a preliminary rehearsal.

The important details:

Make sure the dressing room is well lighted and has one full-length mirror and at least three smaller ones . . . Don't allow sandwiches, coffee or smoking in the dressing room, for fear of soiling dresses. Have someone on hand to check each model before she appears on stage . . . The woman you select to do alterations should have considerable dressmaking experience . . . Make sure all garments are tagged properly to identify their origin. This saves uncertainty when it's time to return borrowed finery . . . There should be at least four helpers in the dressing room to assist models . . . Models should tie scarves over their heads before they slip into garments. This protects garments, lipstick and hairdos . . . Have whisks, scissors, suede brushes and black and white thread on hand backstage . . . Install tables for accessories so that girls can select costume accessories quickly and efficiently. +

CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS?

Be sure to notify us at least six weeks in advance — otherwise you will likely miss copies. Give us both old and new addresses — attach one of your present address labels if convenient.

Write to:

Manager, Subscription Department,
CHATELAINE,
481 University Ave., Toronto 2, Ontario



BAKE IT WITH MAGIC AND SERVE IT WITH PRIDE!

Orange-Banana Cake

ORANGE-BANANA CAKE

2½ cups sifted pastry flour or	2 eggs, well beaten
2 cups sifted all-purpose flour	2 tps. grated orange rind
3 tps. Magic Baking Powder	½ cup milk
½ tsp. salt	½ tsp. vanilla
11 tbsps. butter or margarine	¼ tsp. almond extract
1 cup fine granulated sugar	¼ cup strained orange juice

Grease two 7-inch square or 8-inch round layer-cake pans and line bottoms with greased paper. Preheat oven to 375° (moderately hot). Sift flour, Magic Baking Powder and salt together three times. Cream butter or margarine; gradually blend in sugar; add well-beaten eggs part at a time, beating well after each addition; mix in orange rind. Measure milk and add vanilla and almond extract. Add flour mixture to creamed mixture about a quarter at a time, alternating with two additions of milk and one addition of orange juice and combining lightly after each addition. Turn into prepared pans. Bake in preheated oven 25 to 30 minutes. Fill cold cake with orange cake filling; when filling is set, cover cake with the following Orange Butter Icing. Decorate with banana slices and orange segments.

ORANGE BUTTER ICING: Combine 1½ tps. grated orange rind, 1 tbsp. orange juice and ¼ tsp. lemon juice. Cream 4 tbsps. butter or margarine; beat in 1 egg yolk and a few grains salt. Work in 2 cups sifted icing sugar alternately with fruit rind and juices, using just enough liquid to make an icing of spreading consistency; beat in ¼ tsp. vanilla.

Somebody's going to get some heart-warming compliments for this luscious beauty of a cake. And it might as well be *you* . . . for these grand results are so *easy* to get with dependable Magic Baking Powder!

Yes, with Magic in the batter you can count on delicate texture and delicious flavor whenever you bake. And Magic's so economical! For less than 1¢ per average baking, Magic protects those costlier ingredients, ensures finest results. Get Magic Baking Powder today.



*Magic costs less than
1¢ per average baking!*

RAISE THE QUEEN'S CHILDREN

Continued from page 21

aunt (Princess Margaret) told them to hush. A solicitous great-aunt (the Princess Royal) told them to hush. A stern nannie (Nurse Helen Lightbody) told them to hush. A young cousin (Prince Michael of Kent) looked down

in wordless disapproval from the dignity of his nine years. Nothing could command or shame them into quietness. Then, when the troops filed out, young Charles leaned over the parapet and called down to the Queen, "Are you coming in now, Mummy?"

The newspapers reported these childish antics in minute detail. The reports were indulgent but they were slightly critical too. In effect, they echoed what was said by the housewives: "They've had enough. It's time they were taken

away from the limelight."

The Queen did exactly this, mainly because she is a good mother but also because she accepts her subjects' proprietary interest in her children and knows how important it is for them to set an example. She knows too that a child will not be harmed by a little spoiling in unusual circumstances if there is a wise and quick recovery. And in this case there was. At the end of June she announced that her children would participate in no more public

ceremonials until they were older and she canceled a pre-arranged presentation at which Charles was to receive a silver soldier from the youngest recruit of the Duke of Cornwall's Light Infantry. Instead, she accepted the present on his behalf. The mothers of Britain were satisfied.

Outwardly the well-lighted stage on which these two children are learning their lonely adult roles is much like the nursery in any well-to-do British household. Presiding over it is Nurse Helen Lightbody, a kindly middle-aged Scot who understands the rudiments of medicine and more than the rudiments of child psychology. To Charles and Anne she is Nanna. To the Duke of Gloucester, whose children she raised before moving to Buckingham Palace, she is "No Nonsense Lightbody."

The room in which she lays the foundations of good health, discipline and manners in her young charges is not extraordinary. It is medium-sized with light blue walls. One end is dominated by an open grate, its white mantelpiece adorned with family snapshots and children's knickknacks. The window curtains are Regency chintz, the furniture is mostly battered mahogany. At a low table surrounded by modern chairs the children eat their meals and the spot has been removed from the beige carpet where Charles once dumped a bowl of applesauce, which he hates. Two small antique cupboards in the corners of the room were presented to the children by their great-grandmother, Queen Mary, to contain their particular treasures, ornaments of gold, silver and enamel, to be admired but not handled and to teach love and respect for beauty. In the room is a gramophone, a never-ending source of entertainment to Charles, who loves music. There is also a television set and like millions of other British children Charles and Anne are fans of Muffin the Mule, the puppet star of British television's Children's Hour. Opening off the day nursery are two bedrooms—one for Charles decorated in fine manly style with illustrations of nursery rhymes on the walls, and one for Anne, decorated in fawn, cream and pink with chintz curtains and a frilled skirt around the dressing table. There are also a kitchenette and a bathroom. When they were younger both children had to be watched or they would turn on all the taps.

"A Matey Little Fellow"

So far the development of the royal prince and princess has been remarkably similar to that of most happy, healthy children their age. Now five years old, Charles is a serious thoughtful child with a pleasant, malleable disposition. He is insatiably curious, particularly about "things that go," and he is invariably seen lugging a mechanical toy about with him, waiting to engage some unsuspecting adult in discussion about it. He is quite without self-consciousness and was once described by Sir William Gilliat, his mother's obstetrician, as "a matey little fellow." Although he has not been told of it, he seems innately aware of his position. When, at Balmoral, the Queen shook hands with the Marquess of Aberdeen, Lord Lieutenant of the County, Charles watched his mother, then went forward and solemnly shook hands too. On another occasion, however, he showed that little boys are the same whether

**all the features you want most—
and now PUSH BUTTON SWITCHES!**

A truly beautiful two oven electric range designed to provide additional baking, roasting and broiling convenience.

Fast, long lasting tubular elements, easy to keep clean. Illuminated selector switches provide ease of operation and successful results.

Automatic clock timer. Minute minder.

Extra large ovens with illuminated seamless porcelain interiors and the exclusive McClary broiler.

Electric and Gas Ranges, Electric Washers, Refrigerators, Clothes Dryers, Water Heaters, Automatic Home Heating Units, Household Utensils.

McCLARY

PRODUCTS OF GENERAL STEEL WARES LIMITED

born in the shadow of a ceremonial throne or not. He greeted the Moderator of the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, Dr. G. Johnstone Jeffrey, with a formal, "How do you do?", then whipped out a toy pistol and announced, "I can shoot with that."

Both children are fair with blue eyes. Charles looks like his father but has his mother's dark golden hair. Anne looks much like photographs of her mother taken at the same age but her silvery blond hair is much lighter. They call Elizabeth "mummy," Philip "papa," the Queen Mother "granny," and Princess Margaret "Marga." Three-year-old Anne is the more exuberant and in some ways she dominates her brother. Their occasional quarrels usually stem from her insistence on "me too," for she has reached the age when she wants everything her brother has and wants to do everything he does. Charles usually defers to her, although she doesn't do the same for him.

They usually go to bed around six. Charles still sleeps with his favorite toy, an old teddy bear. He wakes early and is content to read to himself, or sing, until it is time to get up. Anne is more likely to want instant attention, although she is extremely independent and objects if anybody tries to help her dress or undress. After breakfast the children spend an hour with their parents, if this is possible, then go out to play under the watchful eye of Nurse Lightbody, her assistant, Mabel Cooper, and one or two detectives.

After lunch and a nap they play outside again or perhaps have a tea party with their young friends, the children of palace officials. Queen Elizabeth the Queen Mother is a frequent visitor to the nursery and with Charles a favorite one. Perhaps because, as the Queen once said, "She usually lets him have his own way." One day when Charles was younger they stopped in the palace yard to watch workmen repairing the wing that had been damaged by bombs. Charles gazed at the mechanical excavator transfixed. When his grandmother tugged gently on his hand he shrieked in protest. Eventually she asked that he be allowed to climb aboard and help work the bucket.

At Balmoral where the royal family spends part of each summer the Queen and her husband can find time for family picnics. Charles enjoys infrequent excursions to the general store at Crathie, a miniature village near the castle, where he is fascinated by the candy bottles and the noise of the ice-cream refrigerator. The royal children may not have candy except on special occasions.

Both children love animals. Charles' favorite pet is a white angora rabbit which he has had for over two years. Soon after the family moved from Clarence House to Buckingham Palace Charles was discovered crying. A message was forthwith dispatched to Clarence House. "His Royal Highness is crying. He cannot find his rabbit." The children have three ponies and Anne adores them all and begs to be allowed to ride them. Charles, who started riding lessons this year, is a bit timid.

Last year both children started dancing lessons, and Anne mustered a perfect courtesy for her mother's birthday present. The Queen believes that dancing lessons should begin as early as possible to help cultivate poise and self-confidence. Charles does not in fact need

any such aids. He will walk up to any stranger and start a conversation. He usually begins with a question: "Have you got a car?" "What kind is it?" "Have you got a sister?" Anne is inclined to be shy and coy and Charles often takes charge of her in company.

"This is Anne," he will announce, and if she says nothing he taps her on the shoulder and commands: "Say 'How do you do.'"

Both the Queen and the Duke tend to their children whenever they have

time. Charles loves bedtime stories. He also loves a dip in the palace pool with his father and this year will begin swimming lessons. Anne hates the water. Once when her father took her into the pool she was so outraged that he has never tried since.

When they were babies the Queen bathed and fed her children and changed their diapers; now she sneaks away from her office at the back of Buckingham Palace up to the nursery every time she gets the chance. Week

ends, when she and the Duke go to Royal Lodge, Windsor, they usually leave the children in London. This is partly because they wish to be by themselves but principally because the Queen does not believe in upsetting the nursery routine. Both Philip and Elizabeth take a hand in disciplining their children, whose behavior, on the whole, is very good. Once when Elizabeth was showing Charles upstairs he threw one of his slippers over the banister. "Now you know what Papa does when



OVEN-BAKED BEANS

Heat in a saucepan 1 can (15 ounces) Heinz Oven-Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce. Add 1 cup (1/4 ounce) dried chickpeas, drained; 1/2 cup (1/4 ounce) dried green peas; 1/2 cup (1/4 ounce) dried lentils; 1/2 cup (1/4 ounce) dried butter beans; 1/2 cup (1/4 ounce) Heinz Worcestershire Sauce and 1/2 cup milk; heat, stirring often. Serve hot beans on slices of hot buttered toast; top with the cheese sauce. Makes 4 servings.

BEAN SUEY

Cut 1 pound meat into 1-inch pieces; brown meat and 1/4 cup chopped onion in 1/2 cup shortening or melted oil. Add 1 can (15 ounces) tomatoes, 1 can (20 ounces) drained white kidney beans, 1 can (15 ounces) Heinz Oven-Baked Beans in Tomato Sauce or with Pork and Tomato Sauce, 1 teaspoon salt and 1/2 teaspoon pepper. Cover and simmer until meat is almost tender—about 45 minutes; uncover and simmer 15 minutes. Blend together 2 tablespoons flour and 3 tablespoons cold water; stir into meat mixture and stir and cook until smoothly thickened. Makes 6 servings.

HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS WITH PORK

Because they're BAKED! BAKED! BAKED!

Beans are good. Baked beans are better. Oven-baked beans are—well, you'll say they're the best, when you get the kind baked in real ovens by Heinz. Try all five kinds of Heinz Beans, either alone or combined with other foods. The dishes shown are among the ideas you can get for year-round beans from our Oven-Baked Bean Recipe Booklet. Write H. J. Heinz Company of Canada Ltd., Dept. S.P., Leamington, Ontario.



STUFFED TOMATOES

Cut a slice from stem ends of 6 large tomatoes and scoop out pulp; drain pulp. Soak 4 slices cut-up bacon until crisp; remove from pan. Add 1/2 cup chopped green pepper to the bacon fat and fry until tender. Combine 1 can (15 1/2 ounces) Heinz Oven-Baked Beans with Heinz Wieners, bacon, green pepper, drained tomato pulp, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1/2 teaspoon pepper. Fill into tomato shells and bake in moderate oven, 350°, until tomatoes are tender—about 25 minutes. Makes 6 servings.

HEINZ OVEN BAKED BEANS WITH WIENERS

HEINZ
Oven-baked **BEANS**



Enjoy the Lively Flavor!

Just the "little top leaves"



Where the new young leaves sprout from the top of the tea plant—that's where Tender Leaf gets its *lively*, *lilting* flavor. Get Tender Leaf Tea Bags today—enjoy the zest and fragrance of this exquisite blend of finest Orange Pekoe.



The most convenient
and economical way
to serve finest tea!

you do that," she warned him.

Everything about the appearance and behavior of Charles and Anne proclaims them to be ordinary children, yet everything about their background proclaims otherwise. When Charles was born on a fog-shrouded Sunday in mid-November 1948 the ordinary family emotions of joy and relief could not be confined to the family circle of parents and friends. They belonged to the whole world and on Monday morning the whole world began horning in.

Before long it became known that the baby was sleeping in his mother's cot (redecorated with new cream net frills), that he would be using his mother's old pram and would be reared on the method popularized by Truby King, founder of Mothercraft Training Centres, who insisted on plenty of fresh air, fruit juice, vegetables, cod liver oil and an absolutely rigid routine.

On August 14, 1950, the crowds gathered outside Clarence House to await the birth of Anne. Charles first accepted her arrival philosophically. Later, he was obviously pleased and proud of his sister. "Come and see Anne," he would say invitingly to strangers and visitors.

Since then Anne has been his constant companion and playmate but now that he is five a governess has been chosen for Charles to begin the long course of training necessary for a constitutional monarch. Royal children are usually educated privately but Philip believes this isolation is a mistake. He would like his son to enjoy the freedom of a progressive school like Gordonstoun in the north of Scotland, where he himself was educated, to be followed by a term at Oxford or Cambridge. When he is seventeen he will have to spend eighteen months as a National Serviceman, likely in the Grenadier Guards.

Both children have developed a certain amount of vanity. At her third birthday party last August Anne invited everyone to admire her new dress, a pink organdie with dark smocking. For the Coronation film, cameras focused on Charles as he solemnly whispered into his grandmother's bent ear. The general impression was that he was asking some childishly thoughtful question. Actually he had just patted the brillianine on his hair and asked his grandmother if she didn't think he smelled pretty.

Charles and Anne first appeared in public with their parents on the balcony at Buckingham Palace after the Queen had officiated at her first opening of parliament. The British people immediately began to discuss the possibility that they would be allowed to see something of the Coronation and there was general agreement that they should not be completely isolated from the festivities. It was also thought highly appropriate that Charles should be allowed to go to the Abbey and that both children should be mildly infected by the waves of patriotic enthusiasm that rocked London in June.

But soon it became apparent, not only to the Queen but to every woman in Britain, that a little of this kind of thing can go a long way toward spoiling two small children. So the curtain was rung down quickly and completely. From now on, interested as they are in the royal children, the British public expects to see less of them and hear less of them. And this, they feel, is exactly as it should be. +

**Stay on
the bright
side with
LACO**

SWITCH TO

**LACO
LAMPS**

FLUORESCENT
INCANDESCENT

MARK EVERYTHING

**WITH Cast's
WOVEN NAMES**

Avoid losses or arguments. Neat, permanent. Easy to sew on, or attach with No-So Cement. From your dealers, or write.

Cast's—Belleville 6, Ontario

CASH'S NAMES	3 doz. \$1.80	9 doz. \$3.00	NO-SO CEMENT
	6 doz. \$2.40	12 doz. \$3.50	per tube 25c

ROOTS OF THE HEART

Continued from page 17

for the Queen's Mail. Make way for the Queen's Mail. Make way . . ."

He finally got his breath. Once more he was alone. He saw that a small patch of what they called the school section had been brushed and cleared since morning. But whoever had been working was gone. No one put in such long hours now, not even the foreigners. *How he and Martie had worked.*

The Old Man's eyes came alive as a cluster of ancient buildings in the shelter of a long row of evergreens came into view. He was almost home.

The mail had precedence over all traffic. In his mind it was a fact that he had always carried the mail. It was as though he had been born to it. Suddenly he saw in the scarred and uprooted Balm beyond the gate his own craggy frame. Lying there close to the earth . . . becoming a part of it . . . completing its cycle. Ashes to ashes . . . dust to dust . . .

"I'll give the post office to John," he said. He spoke the words aloud. It was as though the decision had been made long ago.

Of his five sons all had at one time or another wanted to carry the mail. But it was not something he could pass along lightly. It was an inheritance. He thought of John and the lines of his craggy face softened perceptibly. John was mature with a sense of responsibility.

John's reception of the news that

he had fallen heir to the post office was a little odd. "But you don't understand," cried the Old Man. "I always meant you to have it."

"I don't know, Pa, what about the others?"

"The others?" repeated the Old Man. The post office wasn't just a job.

"Well—"

"The post office is a trust, son. It's yours. I'm giving it to you."

John frowned. He had the big frame of the Old Man but a slower more methodical way with him. "Pa, I don't particularly relish that ride to town in the winter. I ain't young like I used to be."

"Young," said the Old Man stupidly. "You're not young?"

"Well, you know how it is, Pa. I've got enough to do without the post office 'less—" He hesitated then continued. "Less you'd like Hank to take over the delivery. You could still keep the office to home."

"Hank?" The Old Man shook his head to clear it. "Your boy, Hank? Why he's no mor'n a sassy kid." The words had a dull brassy sound as he said them. "Maybe you are getting old, John. Maybe you are."

John shifted position awkwardly. "Well," he said after a moment. "If you should change your mind—Hank's got the model A fixed up. Cut her down and put a box on the back. Guess he'd welcome a chance to put her to use."

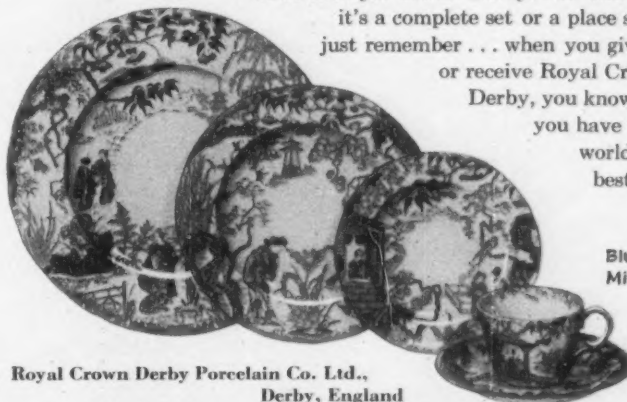
The Old Man grunted his disdain. He was suddenly very tired. There was nothing to do but go home and even that was nothing: two old people surrounded by the past, their life's work forgotten. Ended. He could never face

a Special Gift for a Special Occasion

Royal Crown Derby



When you want a *very special* gift to be cherished always, make it Royal Crown Derby. For whether it's a complete set or a place setting just remember . . . when you give or receive Royal Crown Derby, you know you have the world's best.

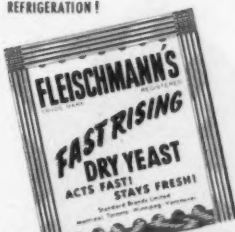


Royal Crown Derby Porcelain Co. Ltd.,
Derby, England

At leading china stores or write 51 St. Paul St. West, Montreal

3 different Cheese-flavored Treats from One Basic Dough!

NEEDS NO
REFRIGERATION!



**Clever one-oven tricks
with FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST!**

One dough—one oven—three kinds of flavor-thrilled baking! It's easy to be a whiz when you start with Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast. Risings so sure, so fast—results so light and appetizing! If you bake at home, be sure you have plenty of Fleischmann's on hand.

BASIC CHEESE DOUGH

Scald

- 1½ cups milk
- 3 tablespoons granulated sugar
- 2 teaspoons salt
- 3 tablespoons shortening

Remove from heat and cool to lukewarm.

In the meantime, measure into a large bowl

½ cup lukewarm water

1 teaspoon granulated sugar

and stir until sugar is dissolved. Sprinkle with contents of

1 envelope Fleischmann's Fast Rising Dry Yeast

Let stand 10 minutes, THEN stir well.

Stir in lukewarm milk mixture.

Stir in

2½ cups once-sifted bread flour
and beat until smooth and elastic; stir in

1½ cups lightly-packed shredded old cheese

Work in

2½ cups more (about) once-sifted bread flour

Turn out on lightly-floured board and knead dough lightly until smooth and elastic. Place in a greased bowl and grease top of dough. Cover and set dough in warm place, free from draught, and let rise until doubled in bulk. Turn out dough on lightly-floured board and knead lightly until smooth. Divide into portions and finish as follows:



1. CHEESE LOAF

Shape half a batch of dough into a loaf and fit into a greased bread pan about 4½ by 8½ inches. Grease top. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375°, about 40 minutes—cover loaf with brown paper during latter part of baking to avoid crust becoming too brown.

2. MARMALADE BRAID

Roll out a quarter of a batch of dough into an 8-inch square on a lightly-floured board; loosen dough. Spread with ¼ cup marmalade and sprinkle with ¼ cup chopped nutmeats. Roll up jelly-roll fashion; seal edge and ends. Roll out into an oblong 9 inches long and 3 inches wide; loosen dough.

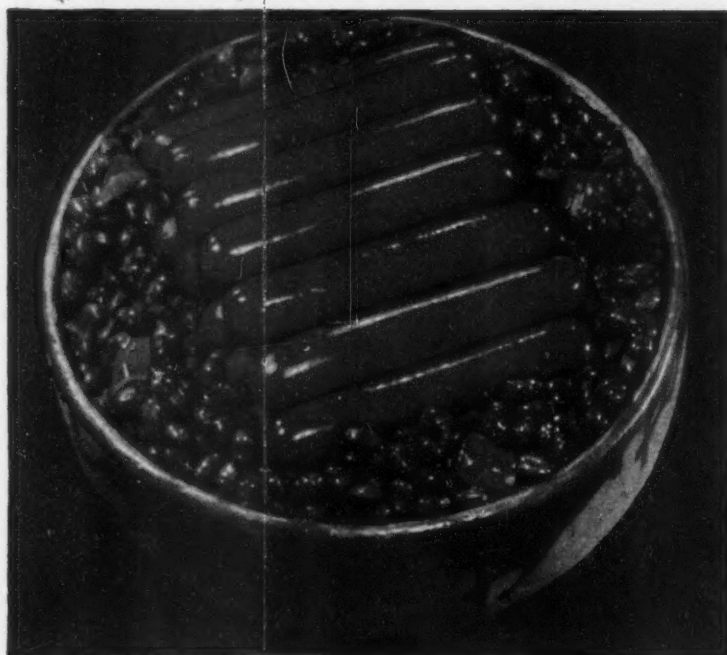
Cut oblong into 3 lengthwise strips to within an inch of one end. Braid strips, seal the ends and tuck them under braid. Place on greased cookie sheet. Grease top. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375°, about 20 minutes.

3. CHEESE BREAD STICKS

Cut a quarter of a batch of dough into 12 equal-sized pieces and roll, one at a time, into slim strips about 7 inches long. Brush strips with water and roll lightly in cornmeal. Place, well apart, on greased cookie sheet. Cover and let rise until doubled in bulk. Bake in a moderately hot oven, 375°, about 10 minutes.



Easy meal... TO COME HOME TO!



3 Easy Steps TO A HEARTY MEAL



1 Take home a pound or two of Wieners. Get lots—everyone likes 'em.

2 Heat wieners in a casserole of home-made or canned beans. Or just heat wieners and beans in separate pots.



3 Enjoy a meal that's tasty, nutritious, economical. Good eating, with not a scrap of waste.

Wieners

supply body-building meat protein in delicious and easily-digestible form.

REMEMBER... Wieners and frankfurters made the *Skinless* way are sure to be tender.

VISKING LIMITED, LINDSAY, ONTARIO

another winter of carrying the mail.

John shrugged. "Well, it was just an idea."

"Why, Gramps, isn't this Mail Day?" It was his granddaughter, Chrissy. "You must be tired."

"I'm not so tired," he said gruffly and was vaguely angered by her concern.

"Of course you're tired," she said. "Everyone's tired. It's been so hot. Come on into the kitchen and I'll pour you a glass of cold milk."

She went out to the well and returned with a covered pail dripping moisture from which she filled a pitcher and two glasses. He sipped the cool sweet milk and after a while he felt refreshed but not comforted. He had to find someone to take the mail before another delivery day rolled around. He had to find someone. He didn't see how he could have stood it all these years—through blistering heat, through windstorms and slush and rain, through bitter sub-zero weather and death-dealing blizzards. He had been badly mistaken in John. You didn't always know people, not even your sons.

"Some more milk?" said Chrissy.

"No—no, I'll be on my way."

"Gosh, you're in an awful hurry today, Gramps. I'll call Hank and he can drive you home."

The Old Man made a negative gesture as he rose and wiped his mouth with the back of his hand. "Don't bother . . ."

But Chris was already on the porch calling her brother. The Old Man followed. "Now I'm not getting into that contraption with no boy."

"Why, Gramps, of course you're going to let Hank drive you home."

The Old Man grunted and his eyes dropped under the clear gaze of his granddaughter. "Well, guess it wouldn't hurt once to ride. But, I'm warning you . . ."

"Gramps." Her face was soft and shining. "Don't you worry about the mail—just you wait—" His head reared up suspiciously. "Oh, I don't mean Hank," she said.

The Old Man cleared his throat. "I always thought your Pa—well, him being the oldest son . . ."

She nodded. "I know—it's the way I feel too. Delivering the mail's a pretty special kind of job, all right. And money in your pocket every month."

"Chris—" He spoke her name like a prayer sensing some of his own former zeal in her words. "Here," he said. His shaking fingers undid the buttons of his vest and he fumbled in an inside pocket. He brought out a much-handled envelope and drew out a single sheet of paper. "I never showed this to no one. Read it!"

He felt himself grow tall as he watched her face light. "From the department in Edmonton. Why Gramps! You're getting a pension."

"Read the rest. Read what it says about the years . . ."

Your record through the years . . . outstanding . . . one that will not easily be duplicated . . . find it hard to replace a man of your integrity and . . . "Why Gramps, you're practically famous!"

"See. It says right there the importance of the mail getting through. That's how it is, you know."

"But Gramps, it's dated over a month ago. Why didn't you tell us before?"

"Ah—well, the truth is I hated to give it up." He sighed. "Think what



ZING for everyday dishes

TABASCO is like nothing you've ever tried before! Not just another sauce—but the only liquid pepper seasoning made from special peppers fermented naturally in wood for 3 years. Used by famous chefs all over the world. Get the one and only TABASCO—and set it out when you set the table.



people trust to the mails, Chris. Valuables of all sorts." Her eager face set flame to his words. "Letters thick with mush, proposals of marriage . . . To lose one would mess up some lives. Ah—you don't know what goes on in the mails, Chris."

"But you do, eh, Gramps?"

"Now none of your sass," he said. "Why, people trust their eyeglasses and even their false teeth to the mails. Think how it would be waiting for your teeth and they didn't come."

"That's right," said Chris. "But think how it would be if you don't get into Hank's Ford and you have to walk all the way home in this heat. He's waiting."

Six entire days had come and gone since the last mail delivery. It was quite unbelievable. Six days! The Old Man sat in the shade of the evergreens, the only part of his past that was strong enough to endure, the only thing that stood without reproach in a lifetime of toil. Tomorrow was Mail Day again!

Of his five sons three lived in the vicinity. He had approached all three. Each had given some excuse, some stupid childish excuse that was as transparent as the wind and as cool.

If they were right—and he knew he could not be right against the whole world—well, then the pride he had taken in his work all these years, the pride that had spurred him on through good days and bad so that he had not missed a single mail in a whole lifetime, was a vain and useless thing. This kind of reasoning was quite beyond him and yet it was a fact that now he was beginning to believe that carrying the mail was nothing.

The past came unbidden to his mind—the democrat was young; the harness pliant, studded with brass, tasseled; the roadbed was a weaving lane of green centred by a wagon trail; the two prancing horses drew admiring glances. All stepped aside to let the mail through.

But now it was nothing—an old democrat, an old man. A joke! "Out of the way for the Queen's Mail!"

He dropped his face in his hands. A soft breeze rustled through the evergreens and touched the wisps of white on his head but he didn't move.

"Oh, sir."

The Old Man stirred.

"Mr. Smith, I'm sorry if I've disturbed your rest."

With a kind of reluctance the Old Man came erect. "Hmm? And who may you be?"

"Why—" The boy appeared surprised that he didn't know. "Why, I'm Steve Biedlow—Chris' friend."

"Oh—"

"You see Chris and I—"

What did this slim young boy in working clothes, his dilapidated sweat-ringed straw in one hand, want?

"Ah—Chris and I—well, I'm buying the school section. I guess you've heard. Well, I got some cleared. I work up there every chance I get . . ."

"Seen it from the road," broke in the Old Man. "Not a bad piece of land."

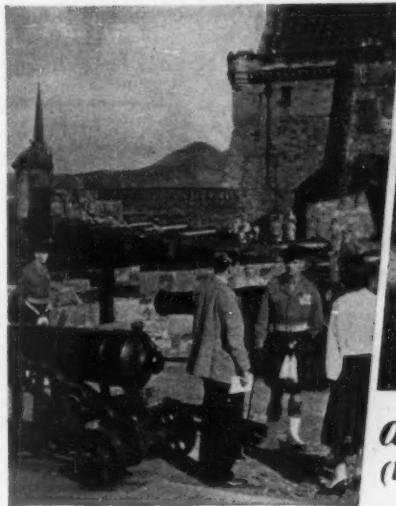
"Yeah, I want to start building soon."

"Nice and flat."

"Yes." The boy was suddenly confident. "And what I want to do later is plant an evergreen windbreak"—his eyes went to the trees back of them—"like yours. Sure makes a fine shade."

The Old Man's eyes came alive. "You

This is Britain...



and so is this!
(less than an hour away)

BRITAIN is your holiday land, whatever your holiday tastes. You may visit historic Edinburgh Castle—view the famous city from the Castle ramparts . . . and stroll through the delightful village of Cramond, with its winding street—all in one day and without hurry. You can wander through ancient, peaceful villages and in an hour or two enjoy all the thrills and gaiety of great and famous cities.

For Britain has everything . . . and everything is close by in Britain. And wherever you go, whenever you go, you'll find Britain an unforgettable holiday land. Plan your visit now, with the help of your travel agent—or write for literature and all information to: The British Travel Association (Dept. CT6), 90 Adelaide Street West, Toronto, Ontario.

For a holiday of contrasts

Come to Britain

A VALENTINE TREAT CRANBERRY CREAM PIE MADE WITH EVAPORATED MILK



Melt 20 Marshmallows in $\frac{1}{2}$ cup Evaporated Milk in top of double boiler. Stir mixture to blend thoroughly.



Cool mixture, add 2 tbsp. lemon juice, 2 tbsp. orange juice, 1 tbsp. grated orange rind and then $1\frac{1}{4}$ cups mashed Cranberry Sauce.



Whip $\frac{3}{4}$ cup icy cold Evaporated Milk until very stiff. Fold in cooled Cranberry mixture, gently but thoroughly.



Turn the mixture into a 9-inch crumb or baked pastry shell. Chill until set before serving.

For Valentine's or anytime the whole family will enjoy this new Cranberry Cream Pie. And you'll find Evaporated Milk so easy to use in a 1001 ways. Write today for Marie Fraser's new free booklet of Evaporated Milk Recipes.

DAIRY FOODS SERVICE BUREAU

A Division of DAIRY FARMERS OF CANADA
409 Huron Street — Toronto, Ontario.



never have to apologize for planting a tree."

"No, I guess not," agreed the boy. "But what I came to see you about—I heard about the mail delivery and Chris was saying . . ."

There was a roaring in the Old Man's ears. He rose. "Why—why you young upstart!"

The boy held his ground. "If you'll just let me explain . . ."

"Arr—mph!" The Old Man let fly all the hurt and anger that had been building in him for the past week. "And you're a foreigner," he wound up. "You come out to this land and think you can take your pick of what somebody has spent a lifetime building."

Steve Biedlow's face got redder and redder until finally he turned on his heels. Retrieving the lines of his horses from over the gatepost he departed down the road.

Within the hour Chris, too, arrived. The Old Man could see by the swing of her skirts that she was angry and it gave him a perverse sense of satisfaction. But he was quite unprepared for the storm he had loosed. "A selfish old man," she said. "Just a selfish old man. That's what you are."

"And to think I sent him here to ask you. To think I sent him here for you to humiliate when all he has to do is apply to the post-office department." She shook her head. "But I wanted him to ask. I didn't want your feelings hurt."

"Since when have you had to worry over my feelings?" he grunted.

"Oh Gramps, how could you? I'm so ashamed."

"Why should you care?" he said, puzzled by the pain he saw in her face.

"Gramps, you know Steve and I are getting married."

"Married?"

"That's right. But as soon as the post office is mentioned you forget about everything else. You never gave him a chance to explain."

"Well," said Gramps. He put a hand up to his brow. "Well—"

"And you calling him a foreigner. I didn't know you were like that. How am I ever going to explain that when all I've ever told him is how wonderful you are. You've turned into an awful problem, Gramps."

The Old Man sputtered and cleared his throat. "What's said's said."

"You could unsay some of it."

"Them Biedlows have settled here a good many years. Maybe foreign's too harsh a word for them but there's no getting around they're different. They're not the kind of family to marry into."

"What are you trying to say?"

"Well, it's true." His blue eyes under the shaggy brows did not waver. "They're hard workers—too hard. They don't pamper themselves and they don't expect to pamper others. It's the old law of survival in a new land. But it belongs to the past. I know the past, girl. I ought to, I'm part of it."

"But Steve isn't . . ."

"I've got nothing against Steve. But he's a Biedlow all the same. Hard."

"You're wrong."

"Maybe," he said not looking at her. A silence fell between them and then he spoke again. "Don't take my word for it—just ask him to do something like planting a bed of flowers or putting a picket fence around that house he's going to build." And then he let go of a sly little cackle. "Or—plant a windbreak!"

Chris' laughter spurted all about him. "Gramps, you sure set a trap for yourself that time. Steve's started the windbreak."

"You don't say," said the Old Man.

"Sure, it runs from the road right back to the clearing."

"Bringing seedlings from the swamp, I s'pose."

"That's right. Just as you did for Grandma. And that's why we want the mail delivery and some day, if you like, the post office. It would give us a start like it did for you."

"You're sure that boy of yours is planting a windbreak?"

"Of course he is, Gramps. Why, it's probably finished by now. He was up there all last week."

The Old Man knew she was exaggerating because he had been by only yesterday. "Well"—he pursed his lips—"if I should take a stroll up that way, say tomorrow, then I could have a look at those seedlings."

Chris appeared momentarily uncertain. "Well—I—I guess so."

"Any man who takes time out to plant a tree I allow that's good," said the Old Man. "So if he hasn't just been making talk . . ."

"But," said Chris. She looked vexed.

"No 'buts,'" said the Old Man. "No seedlings planted, no delivery. Apply to the department all you like. They'll take my advice when

PECAN PETAL PIE



FILLING:

- 1 cup pecans
- 3 eggs
- 1 cup dark corn syrup
- ½ cup sugar
- ½ tsp. cinnamon
- 1 tsp. vanilla
- 1 tbsp. flour
- ½ tsp. salt
- ¼ cup melted butter or Allsweet margarine

Are you-all ready to bake up a southern-style pie today?

Well ma'am, that means extra flaky-tender pastry. But land sakes, just relax and leave all that to Swift'ning! Because modern Swift'ning has super shortening power . . . so your pie crust is bound to be tender and feathery-flaky! First, let's make up a batch of Swift'ning Pastry Mix. Sift 6 cups sifted pastry or all-purpose flour with 1 tablespoon salt. Cut in 2 cups of super shortening Swift'ning, using pastry blender or two knives, until mixture is consistency of cornmeal and small peas. Store in covered container in a cool place.

For our Pecan Petal Pie, you need ¾ cup Swift'ning Pastry Mix. Sprinkle 1 to 3 tablespoons water gradually over Pastry Mix, blending with pastry blender or fork till dry spots disappear. Place dough on wax paper, use paper to shape dough into a ball. Turn onto lightly floured board, knead twice to blend thoroughly. Roll out lightly from center to edges, keeping circular shape. Fit into 8-inch pie pan, flute edge. Chop pecans finely. Beat

eggs well and combine all filling ingredients. Pour into unbaked pie shell. Bake 45 minutes at 350° F., until filling is set. Serve with petals of whipped cream and split pecans. Centre with pieces of red maraschino cherries. This pie will be a family favourite for sure. But be sure you use Swift'ning for extra short pastry.

Martha Logan

SWIFT...
to serve
your family
better!



SWIFT CANADIAN CO., LIMITED

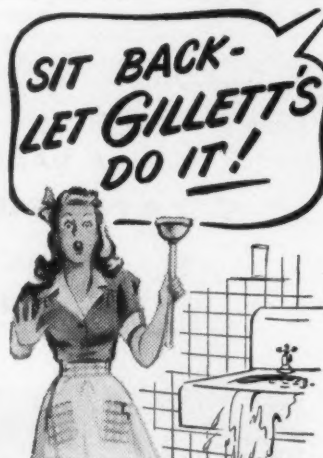


Silver only needs that occasional thorough clean if you use Goddard's Liquid Silver Polish or Goddard's Plate Powder. In between times you just rub it up with Goddard's Impregnated Cloth. This is Goddard's easy routine: Liquid Silver Polish or Plate Powder for safe and thorough cleaning; impregnated Silver Cloth for a quick shine. Goddard's is tougher than tarnish, softer than silver.



Goddard's — at all
the best stores

Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers
J. GODDARD AND SONS, LTD.,
Leicester, England.



Wishing won't make it flow — and nor will that old fashioned plunger! Just pour in 3 tablespoons of full-strength Gillett's. It cuts that clogging, greasy mess right out of your sink drain, frees the blockage in a hurry! Gillett's is also a grand cleanser and deodorizer. Digs out grime-dirt; removes toilet stains in a jiffy; leaves everything you use it on fresh-smelling and sanitary. Get Gillett's to lighten your housework!



it comes to who's right for carrying the mail." He closed his eyes and leaned back on the garden bench, his face serene. Chris knew she had been dismissed.

The elongated shadow of the Old Man danced ahead of him as he clumped down the road the next morning sporting a freshly cut willow sapling for a cane. The air had the clean smell of a new day. Dew spilled from the tall grasses of the swampland as he left the road.

Chris saw him first. She was startled. "Why Gramps—we didn't expect you so early."

"No?" said Gramps. His face was an enigma.

Steve came slowly erect, his face darkening perceptibly. He put an arm around Chris' waist. "I knew all along it wouldn't work," he said to her. "It doesn't matter. Mail or no mail, he can't stop us from marrying."

But the Old Man didn't hear the words. He lived again and grew young in the years that sat so lightly on their faces; he saw them as he saw himself and Marthie on a summer morning long ago.

The Old Man walked down the long trench where the planting of the young seedlings had barely begun. Occasionally his cane prodded the freshly turned sod and pressed it more firmly against the young roots. "Well," he said returning to stand in front of the boy and the girl. "Well—looks like a fair start."

Chris let her breath go and her face was bright in the morning sun. "I knew we could count on you, Gramps. I knew . . ."

"Now, now," the Old Man cut her off. "You just go on tamping that earth around those young trees. I want to show Steve a blue spruce. No windbreak is complete without some blue spruce your grandma always says."

Steve kept his reservations to himself and yielded to the Old Man. He picked up shovel and mattock to follow. After much deliberation the Old Man paused before a thickly branched tree. "You call that a blue spruce?" said Steve in surprise.

The Old Man scratched his head. And then a slow grin spread over his features. "Son," he said. "A blue spruce always did look kind of green to me. Guess it don't matter so long as the women folk like them. They got to have trees and flowers around a house or they don't stay happy. A picket fence with a swinging gate helps too. Took me years to find that out."

"Yes sir," Steve offered with a kind of reserve and then an inner compulsion made him continue: "First thing I remember when we moved out here is that landmark of trees—the post office and the trees."

"The post office and the trees," repeated the Old Man not wanting to let the words go. "Will you say that again?"

"Well, it's just that I remember it," said Steve, slightly embarrassed. "You know how it is when you're a kid—some things kind of stand out."

The Old Man nodded afraid to trust his voice. The words were so much more than anything he had expected to hear, more than he deserved. He looked at Steve again, really seeing him. "I'm going to let you in on a secret."

FAST RELIEF OF PERIODIC PAIN

Midol



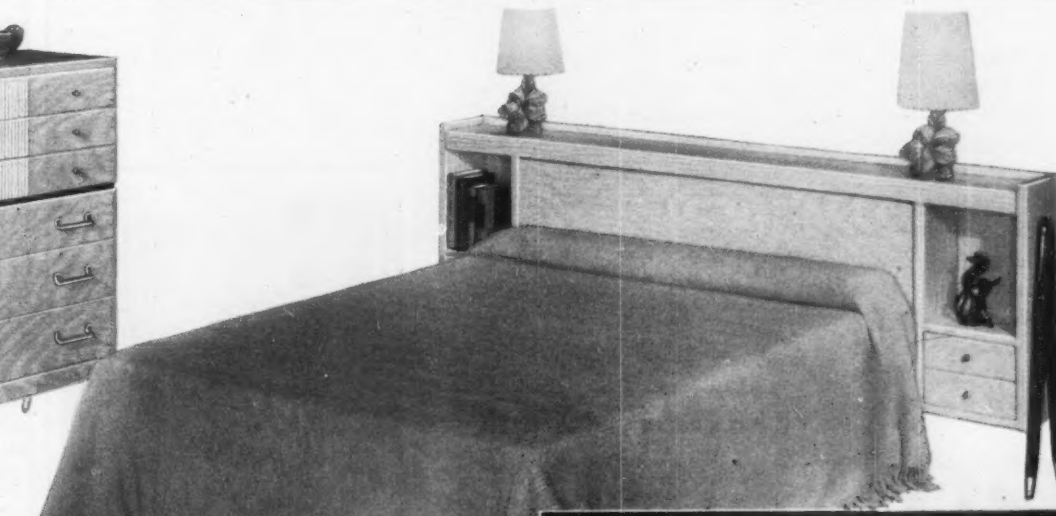
BRINGS 3-WAY COMFORT:

1. STOPS HEADACHE
2. RELIEVES CRAMPS
3. CHASES THE "BLUES"

MIDOL FAR OUTSELLS ALL OTHER TABLETS
OFFERED EXCLUSIVELY FOR MENSTRUAL
PAIN—ALL OF THEM COMBINED!

A Million Women Depend on Midol Every Month!

GET MIDOL TODAY AT ANY DRUG COUNTER



Sophisticate...

Gracefully modern, with an elegant air...the luxurious styling of "Sophisticate" exemplifies the fine quality and expert craftsmanship typical of Peppler's. Featured at leading furniture stores in your choice of finishes: Bone and Pecan Bark, Dusty Rose and Bone, Crystal and Bone, Silver-Mink, Cordovan, on genuine Mahogany.



Peppler Bros. Co. Limited, Hanover, Ontario

Dinner alone... again?



the woman to blame may be **YOURSELF!**

When a husband starts working late, more and more often, a wife naturally tortures herself with doubts. Actually, though, you may find the reason for his neglect right at home! Have you allowed yourself to grow careless about intimate feminine hygiene? Well, it's not too late to correct. You can be your own sweet, dainty self again so simply—so effectively—by douching with "Lysol." It's easier than ever today!

Gentler "Lysol" will not harm delicate tissues. This proved germicide, used in a douche, completely cleanses the vaginal canal—even in the presence of mucous matter. It kills germ life quickly, on contact. Yet "Lysol"

is designed for freedom from caustic or irritant action when used in feminine hygiene.

You need never again be guilty of offending—even unknowingly. Remember that complete internal cleanliness is the way to counteract unpleasant odor. "Lysol" does this; helps keep you dainty!

Get "Lysol" today, at your neighbourhood drug store.

WHY 4 OUT OF 5 PREFER "LYSOL"

It's safe. For over 50 years "Lysol" has had the acceptance of the medical profession... and of mothers and housewives, too. It's the standard antiseptic in modern hospitals throughout the world. Its continued leadership is based upon its efficiency and the satisfaction of millions of users. No other general antiseptic and disinfectant enjoys such absolute trust or is so widely recommended.

For Complete Feminine Hygiene use

"Lysol"
Brand Disinfectant
Every Time



FREE BOOKLET! Learn the truth about intimate hygiene and its important role in married happiness. Mail this coupon to Dept. CH-335 Loh & Fink (Canada) Limited, 37 Hanna Avenue, Toronto 3, Ontario, for frankly informing FREE booklet in plain envelope.

NAME _____

STREET _____

CITY _____

PROV. _____

Suddenly he felt better than he had in weeks. He felt altogether different, not necessarily young but as though he held the world in his hands again. It was a stronger feeling than the youth he had pined over and lost.

"You were going to tell me a secret?"

"Yeah, yeah—" He leaned forward, eager now to impart the confidence. "Took five years of Marthie's prodding to get me started on that windbreak." He chuckled. "I'd have put it off five more except she got her dander up one morning."

"You don't say," said Steve his eyes beginning to glimmer.

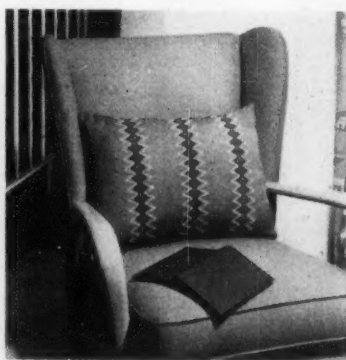
"But take a look at them evergreens now—big, still growing. We left our mark, me and Marthie. It's a good feeling, knowing what you started goes on—the trees and the post office."

"Well—" He became suddenly businesslike. "I better be on my way. You'll want to finish planting what you've got dug before you leave for the mail. Train gets in by two and I wouldn't want you to be late. Can't have you messing up my good record."

The boy in the hollow of evergreens and the girl on the flat above watched as the Old Man skirted the rise of land to straddle the barbed-wire fence and stomp down the road at a smart clip.

The girl took a few steps forward and made a circle of her thumb and forefinger to the boy below. He answered with a grin in which there was a hint of speculation and then he called. "Gramps found us a blue spruce. Shall I dig it out for you?"

A car bounced down the country road leaving behind a thin diffusion of dust. High above, sunlight splashed the wings of a plane with silver. But the boy was aware only of the girl's sudden nodding approval. In his mind the seedlings became a towering hedge in the shelter of which sat a house with a picket fence and a swinging gate. +



HUCK-A-BACK CUSHION

Just right for summer living, these 20" x 14" cushions are bright and attractive, easily laundered and will stand lots of hard wear. Color choice of red, grey, chartreuse, flamingo, green, gold, pink. Complete cushion cover and instructions for weaving priced at \$1.50. Order No. C130.

Please order from Mrs. Ivy Clark, Chatelaine Needlecraft Department, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

millions of women

just like you

use Tampax

Don't believe you're different.

Some of these women have been using Tampax sanitary protection for more than 20 years—and appreciating its advantages every minute of the time. Here are the reasons it's so popular:

NO BELTS
NO PINS
NO PADS
NO ODOR

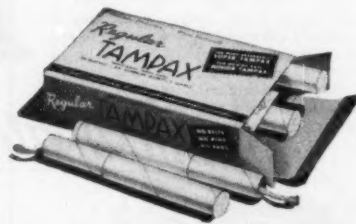
1. Comfort. There's no possibility of chafing or irritation with internally-worn Tampax. Actually it's so comfortable the wearer doesn't even feel it, once it's in place.

2. Security. What a sense of security Tampax gives you! No bulky ridges, no tell-tale outlines. What's even more wonderful is that Tampax actually prevents odor from forming.

3. Convenience. Tampax is easy to carry, easy to conceal (a whole month's supply slips right in the purse), easy to dispose of.

4. Fastidiousness. Tampax is unquestionably the most fastidious kind of sanitary protection. It's simple to insert... changing takes only seconds... and the user's hands need never even touch the Tampax.

Get Tampax at any drug or notion counter in your choice of 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Canadian Tampax Corporation Limited, Brampton, Ontario.



Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

CANADIAN TAMPAX CORPORATION LIMITED, Brampton, Ontario.

Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10c to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

() REGULAR () SUPER () JUNIOR

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ Prov. _____ CHAT 131

EVERY YOUNG WOMAN

Continued from page 19

the streets are showing a lack of love; mothers who pen their young in the back yard are sadistic jailers.

Neighbors are the people next door, selected by the real-estate agent without scientific regard for the neighborhood's taste in modern art, child psychology and left-handed pitchers. They may have nothing more in common with the newlyweds in the next bungalow than the back-yard boundary (which may be in dispute) but they will know how many more installments the newlyweds have left on the refrigerator, what color the bride's hair is at the roots, whose fault it was the night she threw a cold roast beef at her husband and how many times they both change their underwear from washday to washday.

Newlyweds don't choose their neighbors any more than they do their blood relatives but the woman next door can become the most important person in a bride's life. By a technique ranging from blunt pronouncements to subtle suggestions, the neighbor can affect the way her home is furnished ("Pink would be pretty, I suppose, but emerald green would be simply stunning."); her relations with her husband ("I wouldn't take that from any man!"); and the food she eats ("You mean you've never tried goulash?").

The woman next door can either rasp the new arrival's nerves raw or can be such a delight that both husbands come home to cold stoves and squeals of "Good heavens, is it six o'clock ALREADY? We've only been talking a MINUTE!"

Neighbors interweave their lives more snugly than in-laws in the young married districts that ring most cities. Your neighbor, if you happen to be speaking to her, is the first person to know that your labor pains have started; if you aren't speaking, it takes her five minutes longer. If your son falls in a drainage ditch full of water she likely is the one who'll save his life—after all, her daughter pushed him in. If you break your leg she's the one who will notify your husband, phone the ambulance and feed your children their meals. She's also the one who'll inform the rest of the neighborhood that your husband is such a slob he couldn't even boil his own children an egg.

Anonymity is not for the women on a new street, who are hard put to conceal moles from one another. The conversation of women neighbors can best be described as iceberglake, with one tenth of the meaning smiling sweetly on the surface and the other nine tenths skulking below, loaded with threats, warnings, sneers and snubs. A bride, moving into an apartment, might run into some iceberg talk like this: "We are so pleased to have such lovely young people for our new neighbors," the woman next door might greet her. "The last people in that apartment were wild party people, kept us up until three o'clock in the morning with their noise."

The bride must be alert to realize that a promise of perpetual sobriety and an eleven-o'clock curfew is expected of her. If she decides against such a commitment, she floats an iceberg of her own. "Gracious," she gurgles in her best dimwit manner. "We're just dying to

have our friends see our apartment. I hope we aren't going to disturb you."

"Of course not," the more experienced neighbor returns smoothly. "Your friends are probably just as thoughtful and well-bred as you are."

The deadliest form of iceberg conversation concerns children, and the newcomer is advised to keep her distance until she is certain she can navigate.

"Your Peter is all boy, isn't he?" smiles a neighbor. "Just the other day he threw blobs of mud on my sheets

and today—you'll die when you hear this—he broke all the storm windows we had stored in the garage."

"Good heavens," Peter's mother replies sincerely. "That's just dreadful. He's been acting like a beast at your house ever since the time you called him a dirty little brat. Children are so sensitive, you know."

Another of the accepted conversational practices among women neighbors is matching anecdotes. "When I went to school, I used to hate French,"

a lazy, back-yard conversation might begin. "My French teacher used to say . . ." The others nod, but no one listens as minds churn furiously to dredge up a funnier schooldays' yarn.

It must be remembered that the rules are inflexible when it comes to conversations about children. *Non sequiturs* are not admitted; the age period first introduced is rigidly adhered to.

"Joanie cries so much," a new mother might begin. "She's two months old

Continued on page 70



SWEET CAPS

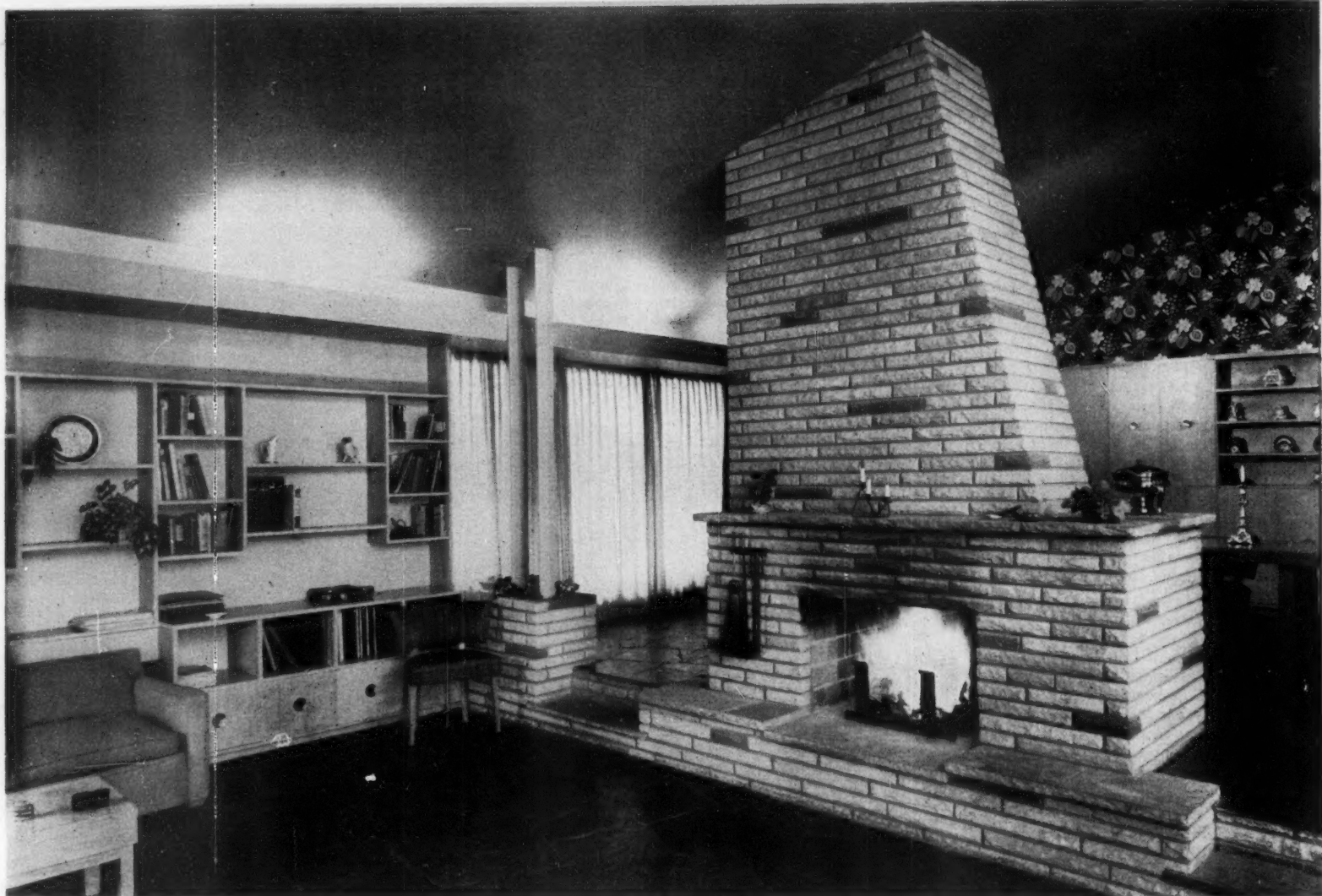
Always fresh and **TRULY MILD!**

IF THE CIGARETTE you smoke is going to be mild, it just has to be fresh . . . because it's freshness that keeps a cigarette mild. Sweet Caps come fresh from the factory . . . fresh to your dealer . . . fresh to you! This extra freshness guarantees Sweet Caps are always the truly mild cigarette you want. Best tobaccos . . . purest paper . . . you'll like Sweet Caps.



CORK or PLAIN

"ONLY A FRESH CIGARETTE CAN BE TRULY MILD" — Since 1887, Canada's First Cigarette



There's a variety of wall interest in this spacious living-dining area where bleached limed oak shelves and paneling blend with natural voile curtains. The cut stone fireplace adds texture to the room and helps set apart the dining space with its contrasting wallpaper.

Panda — Architect Murray Squire

WITHIN FOUR WALLS

Like the setting for a play your walls create color, atmosphere and mood

for the everyday drama of your family life

BY LAURA HARRIS

Look

What's

Happening

to Living

FROM THE DAYS of the earliest cave dwellers man has decorated the walls of his abode. Even in the most primitive dwellings, dark irregular caves, the clay-covered surfaces were adorned with finger drawings. Man's desire to decorate the walls of his home and his skill at it have developed from the times the first color was applied with the chewed end of a branch, until today the Canadian homemaker has at her disposal the most marvelous and miraculous arrays of wall finishes ever known.

She can put any texture or color wherever she wishes. She can make the walls of her home as original and individual, as colorful and wearproof as her taste dictates. She will likely use a number of finishes on her walls—paints, wallpapers, plywoods, wood panelings, plaster, structural glass, leathers, plastics, mirrors, corks and draperies. And of this she can be sure, that the knowledge of experts in each field has gone into each product and is hers for the asking. So take advantage of this knowledge and make your 1954 Canadian home a worry-free place of beauty and an expression of your own individuality.

Maybe you feel that walls should set the key to the whole decorative scheme. Maybe you wish to treat your walls as a background. But whichever attitude is yours, remember that walls give a room its basic character. Curtains, rugs and furniture all gain or lose by their relation to the walls. In color, texture, and scale, the walls should express the pervading quality of the room, formal or informal, conventional or whimsical, personal or aloof.

Never before has it been so easy for the home decorator to get different effects with paint; there are literally hundreds and hundreds of colors and tones and off-tones to choose from. Every major paint company is making it as easy as possible for you to harmonize your house furnishings and your walls. In fact, selling paint nowadays is more like selling a complete *décor*. Maybe you want to do a room in the new monochromatic look—several shades of the same color (and it will be a lighter color than seen the last few years)—or maybe you wish a more dramatic effect of contrasting but complementary colors. It would be hard for you to go wrong. There are endless

color chips, color charts, color scopes and other aids to show you which color should go with which.

The paint-it-yourself trend among homemakers has made great strides since the introduction of rubber-base interior paints. (Rubber-base paints are those in which water is used as a solvent.) They are easy to apply and can be brushed, rolled or sprayed on. They dry quickly. They are quite durable and can be washed and have little or no odor. But they are less adhesive than oil-base paints when used on a very smooth surface, and they produce a less uniform finish than oil-base paints, although to the average home workman the finish may be satisfactory. Although often promoted as one-coat paints there is a greater likelihood that two will be needed, especially in the lighter colors. They cannot be applied directly to raw wood or wallpaper because the water solvent will, in the first case, raise the grain, and, in the second, cause color bleeding. But their good resistance to alkalis makes them excellent for interior plasters, concretes or bricks.

The newest developments in interior paints are the "alkyds." They are on the market now in flat, semigloss and gloss finishes. Alkyds use mineral spirits as a solvent and can be thinned with turpentine. But a synthetic resin is used in place of the conventional drying oil, making a tough surface. This new family of paints promises good hiding power even in light colors, great ease and little slippage in application, plus durability even when scrubbed, fast drying time and evenness of sheen. They are also quite odorless.

When you buy paint, tell your dealer whether it's for the kitchen cupboards, bathroom ceiling, shower stall, living room, child's room or the brick wall in the basement—each one takes a different type. Whether you want flat, semigloss or enamel, in oil-base, rubber-base, or alkyd, he will guide you to the correct kind.

Two things about paint cannot be stressed too strongly: never buy anything but the very best top quality paint of whatever type you buy; READ THE

DIRECTIONS and remember that not following them is the greatest cause of painting failure. In this day of miracle-working synthetics, nobody knows better than the paint chemist who made it what is in that can!

Another wall finish that is somewhat related to the paint field is the flocked wall. You don't see it often because it is rather expensive, needs speed and some skill to apply and certainly would show scuff marks. But it does make a luxurious deep-textured velvety wall. Rayon or rayon-and-wool flock is blown on the wall after it has been painted with a heavy-bodied flock adhesive, and the adhesive should be the same color as the flock. We know of one dining room elegantly done in deep crimson flock over a white dado, and another modern living-dining area completely flocked in dark green, with the fireplace projection mirrored from floor to ceiling.

Years ago there was a vogue for wallpaper with designs flocked on them. In fact they are still available but not used much. And no wonder, when you take a look at the multitude of modern wallpapers to choose from. For every room in the house there are countless attractive designs: florals, scenics, textures, plaids, bamboos, raffias, marbleized effect and wood grains. There is wallpaper that looks like flagstone, or a red-brick wall, or blocks of wood, or leather. You may have one that looks like plaster or is impregnated with cedar for your closets or chests. Papers simulate linen weaves for use with traditional furniture, and hop sacking to go with modern furniture. One looks like burlap, another like cork.

For places that get a lot of wear, there are wonderful plastic-coated papers that you can actually scrub. You can even put them on the walls of your shower stall. Incidentally, while the trend in wall decoration throughout the home today is to lighter colors, in bathrooms such combinations as black patterned paper over pink dados or dark brown over white are very good. The better wallpapers now on the market will wash clean with soap and water, even of grease and lipstick. Some of these wall coverings are paper coated with heavy



FORGET THE WEATHER ON WASHDAY!

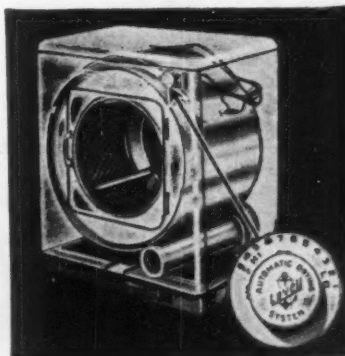
AN AUTOMATIC DRYER SAVES TIME AND BACK-BREAKING WORK—ELIMINATES ALL DRYING HAZARDS

No more relying on the weather with an automatic dryer. No more fear of snow, sleet or sooty "smog"—clothes frozen stiff that must be thawed out before they can be properly dried. Save all the back-breaking drudgery of stooping, stretching and lugging baskets of soggy, heavy washing! Save hours of time waiting for clothes to dry. Have your washing dried, a whole tubful at a time, in 30 to 45 minutes—either "damp-dry" for ironing or completely dry and

fluffy for storing.

Cut loose from that clothes-line—now! Start living with an automatic dryer! And be sure the make you choose features the famous Lovell Drying System.

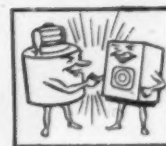
Only the Lovell System gives you: Automatic shut-off—no time guessing; complete temperature range for any dryness or fabric; germ killing infra-red heating element; vacuum operating system pre-heats air, cuts costs—and many other exclusive features.



These leading Canadian appliance manufacturers use the Lovell Drying System in their dryers:

**BEATTY, CONNOR, EASY
ELECTROHOME, GAINADAY
GILSON, L'ISLET, LOCOMOTIVE
McCLARY, SIMPLICITY, THOR.**

If you have a **Wringer Type Washer**... an automatic dryer will give you a wash day team that can't be excelled by any other type of home laundry equipment, for a really clean, fresh wash.



THE LOVELL AUTOMATIC DRYING SYSTEM

is made in Canada by the makers of famous
LOVELL PRESSURE CLEANSING WRINGERS
Maxwell Limited, St. Marys, Ontario



Beauty and practicality are combined in this attractive study. The beige and cocoa toile print makes a striking contrast with the natural walnut wall and shelves.

*"Oh my feet!
Every step is
agony!"*



Pain in your feet can put lines in your face!

● When your feet are sore, throbbing with fatigue, your face is shadowed with pain! And those tense little pain-lines may start old-looking wrinkles.

So be prepared—at the first signs of foot fatigue, rub your feet with Absorbine Jr.

Wonderfully soothing!

Medically recognized for quick, effective help, Absorbine Jr. works with surprising speed to help counter the irritation. At the same time, it soothes the pain of those tingling nerves—gives you wonderful, muscle-relaxing relief.

When your feet feel better, you feel better... and your face shows it! Get Absorbine Jr. wherever drugs are sold.

W. F. Young Inc., Lyman House, Montreal.

"Help those
pain-lines
vanish!"



Absorbine Jr.

plastic and others are a mixture of stainproof resins built up on either a paper or cloth backing. They will last for years. They are also expensive because they are imported. But cost doesn't really enter into it since you need so little of it to get a maximum effect—perhaps only one wall.

The most expensive Canadian-made wallpaper is only three dollars and twenty-five cents a roll, and there is as much Canadian-designed, Canadian-made wallpaper sold in the United States as is sold in Canada. Our papers are made on English rollers with a technique not used across the border. This technique gives a perfect printing of even the most intricate designs with no bleeding of color at the edges. So don't be like the Ontario woman who called up a wallpaper manufacturer in Toronto to see what they could do about some bad marks on paper she had brought back from New York.

The manufacturer wasn't at all surprised to find that her treasured paper was one of their own designs which could have been bought in Toronto for one quarter what it had cost her.

The metallic touch is new in wallpapers, as are the new diminutives and the textures. In designs, the scattered line drawing is taking the place of the solid splashes of color. It's lighter in feeling. The new colors are lovely soft off-tones. Watch for pink—it's cropping up everywhere. In many lines you will find companion papers, either plain or with a mere hint of pattern.

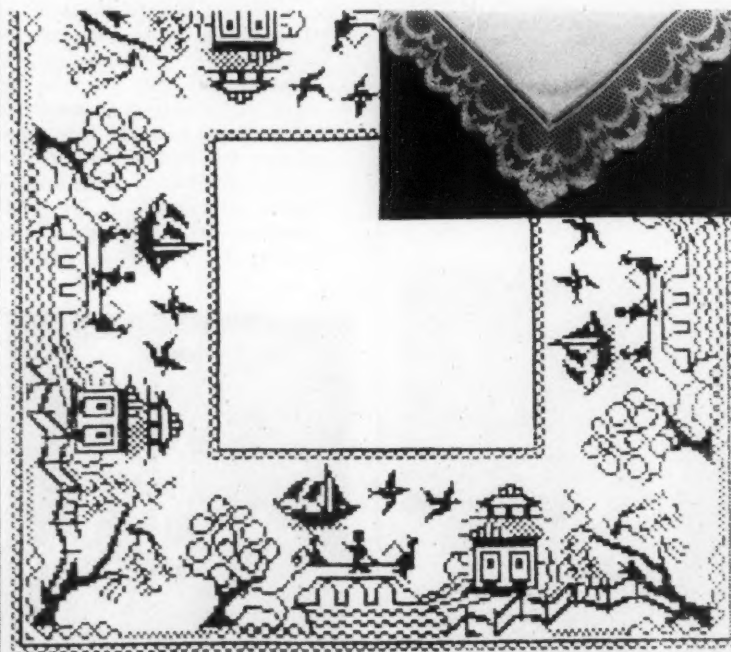
The next time you paper a room, or part of one, have some fun with it. Put a floral on your ceiling, or a plaid, then paint the walls to match. Or if it's

the kitchen, put one of the new diminutives on the walls, paint the cupboards with one of the wonderful new paints, then put wallpaper inside your cupboards and see how it perks you up every time you open a door. Cover your canister set too. In a too-sunny bedroom a friend of ours papered one wall with a large muted Chinese design, painted the other three walls and ceiling the background color and then covered her two white linen blinds, which were on a plain wall, with the wallpaper. It gave a balanced decorator look to the room and at the same time darkened it. Just spread the blind out full length, put wallpaper paste on it, wet the paper and apply. Be sure your design is centred. Hang spanking white curtains over them and you'll love the look it gives your room.

To finish such walls as a den or library or maybe a telephone nook where quiet is desirable there is a new cork wall covering on the market. It comes in four muted shades—natural, blond and a green or red antiqued tone. This is good for ceilings too, especially if the floor is an uncovered linoleum design as is the trend in the newer homes.

Another interesting finish for certain walls of your home is a plaster-type texture paint that is applied thickly and then stippled or patterned with a rolled newspaper, sponge or roller. It dries to a hard odorless finish within eight hours and comes in six basic tints.

For certain types of rooms it's hard to beat a natural wood finish. One such wall covering is actual wood shaved down to one eighty-fifth of an inch and glued under hydraulic pressure to cotton sheeting, resulting in a pliable limp sheet



BLUE WILLOW LUNCHEON CLOTH

Here is the 36" x 36" blue willow bridge or luncheon cloth so many have asked for. Stamped on fine white Irish linen, the price is \$2.50; cream linen—\$2; white linene—\$1.25. Threads are 75c extra. Napkins (not illustrated)—white or cream linen—25c each; linene—20c each. Instructions for crocheting the lace edging are included. Order No. C133.

Please order from Mrs. Ivy Clark, Chatelaine Needlecraft Department,
481 University Ave., Toronto.

Now! Easier Surer Protection FOR YOUR MOST INTIMATE MARRIAGE PROBLEM



1. ANTISEPTIC

(Protection from germs)

Norforms are now safer and surer than ever! The exclusive new base melts at body temperature, forming a powerful, protective film. Will not harm delicate tissues.

2. DEODORANT

(Protection from odor)

Norforms are powerfully deodorant—they eliminate unpleasant or embarrassing odors.

3. CONVENIENT

(So easy to use)

Norforms are small vaginal suppositories that are so easy and convenient to use. They're greaseless and they keep in any climate.

NEW IMPROVED

NORFORMS



VAGINAL SUPPOSITORIES

✓ TESTED
by Doctors
✓ TRUSTED
by Women

A NORWICH PRODUCT

FREE informative Norforms booklet. Just mail this coupon to:
Dept. C-1, Norwich Pharmacal
Company Ltd.
107 Atlantic Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Please send me the new Norforms booklet, in a plain envelope.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ PROV. _____

which should be applied by skilled workmen. It is available in forty-five different woods and makes a beautiful lifetime wall.

Another type of covering for walls or furniture is a clear, extra strong vinyl plastic sheeting with the color permanently fused to the underside. We saw chairs covered in this material that had been used daily for several years, and an even older brief case, both of which looked like new.

Another practically indestructible wall covering is produced by fusing vinyl resin coatings on top of a cotton backing. This comes in textures of tweed, bamboos, wood weaves and leathers . . . and in twenty-eight colors.

Sometimes we have a wall so cut up by doors that decorating is a problem. A modern solution is the folding door. Some have steel frames over which fabrics are hung, others are solid light slats. Covered with leatherlike plastics, these doors are not only beautiful but sound-resistant as well.

In new or old buildings the use of glass lends texture interest while letting in light. Glass partitions are easy to clean and never wear out. To give a new and exciting look to your home, try structural glass columns as a hall partition, use it up a staircase, as sliding doors in your kitchen cupboards. Structural glass is available in thirty-two patterns. There are also four wired designs to use in a basement window.

Colored glass enters the wall picture in bathrooms and kitchens too. Durable glass panels come in at least nine colors. Or try a clear glass shelf in your dark coat cupboard and see how much easier it is to find that scarf.

Where insulating qualities are desirable there are different patterns of glass blocks. Dramatize your front entrance and let light in too by flanking the door with glass blocks or use them for basement windows or an outer shower stall wall. For corners there are curved blocks to choose from. And don't overlook the miraculous effects you can obtain in almost any room with mirrors.

Also on the market are laminates made of glass fibres and resins pressed into sheets of light-weight translucent material that is excellent, in addition to ordinary glass uses, for patio roofs or car port walls. They come in eight colors and can be nailed or sawed.

On the market in Canada today are countless types of tiles for use on walls and counters. Some of them come in sheets, many of them in small tile sizes. Some are hard board with a hard plastic or enamel coating. Some are laminated paper impregnated with plastic, making a very durable finish that is resistant to acids, alkalis, heat, moisture and scuff marks. Any wall that gets hard usage or is subject to moisture is the place for good tile walls. Thirty different surface designs are available—fabrics, marbles, wood grain effects and others. Tiles are easy to apply over almost any smooth wall, and most manufacturers now have moldings to match their tiles. If you have an older-type bathroom try boarding in your tub and then facing it with tiles or tile board. Plastic tile with a corrugated pattern in six different colors is also on the market. This can be laid in block pattern if desired.

Another type of wall covering for kitchens and bathrooms comes in rolls and is very easy to handle. These are fifty-four inches wide and are marked

off with mortarlike lines. They take hard wear and their high gloss baked-on-enamel surfaces are simply washed clean. They are available in a wide variety of plain and marbled effects and the colors are lovely. There are several of these in Canada made by linoleum manufacturers, some in pliable rolled form and some in hard plastic-finished panels. It's a wide field and for every taste and every room where you would use tile there are many for you to choose from.

For permanent walls of modern beauty let's look at the vast field of hardboards, plywoods and fibre boards. These fall into two groups, first, those that are put up as the basic construction of the walls of the building and require a further finish of some kind, be it paint, paper, stain or some other type of wall covering, and second, the group of hardboards, plywoods and fibre boards that can be put up as a finished product. While we're looking at the second group here, you should know that if you have a special problem or just wish expert information with reference to the first group, do write these companies for advice. They all have folders full of ideas for built-ins and instructions for the home craftsman, and they will be only too glad to send them along.

In the second category, namely hardboards, plywoods and fibre boards that can be put up and need no extra finishing, there are several currently available. One is the perforated wallboard that is so useful in the kitchen for utensils or hanging shelves, for tools over the work bench in the basement, for low pegs for kiddies' clothes, or as an acoustic board for ceilings. Another wallboard that needs no finish is one that simulates leather, and very realistically too. It comes in antique beige, forest green and morocco red. Use it for whole walls, or a good-looking door with brass studs, or a dado, or in the rumpus room. Easy to saw and nail too. Other plywoods on the market: one has a sort of three-dimensional quilted effect, another a deep etched look to the grain, a third comes with a striated surface for vertical or horizontal design. You can use these natural or finish them to suit your own taste. And of course there are the grain plywoods such as cedar and mahogany which need no finishing to their own natural beauty.

Some of the insulating boards now available are pre-painted a creamy-white that is pleasing as is or can be painted to match your color schemes. Also in this material are twenty-three fancy moldings and five different carved patterns in twelve-inch tiles that can be combined to form different patterns. These are used mainly in large public buildings such as churches or auditoriums, but a lively imagination could create some interesting home uses.

The modern ribbon-stone fireplace wall must not be forgotten either. You will find stone a medium, like glass, that has a charm and a modern touch all its own.

Have fun doing the walls of your home. Try new ideas and new colors. Let your own taste rule and see how much happier you and your family are. ♦

Next month:

LOOK WHAT'S HAPPENING TO LIVING takes a look at what's happening to fabrics in your home.



Outlining upper lid



Accenting eyebrows



Mascara (plus Eye Shadow)

3 quick tricks to eye beauty

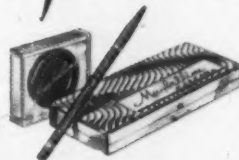
① With Maybelline soft Eyebrow Pencil, draw narrow line across upper eyelids, at base of lashes, adding short up-stroke at outer corner. Soften line with fingertip.

② Next, use short, light upward strokes of the Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, to form beautiful, expressive brows. Taper lightly at outer end. Soften effect with fingertip.

③ Apply smooth Maybelline Mascara from base to tips of lashes, brushing upward. (Hold a few seconds to set "up-swoop.") For an extra touch of mysterious eye beauty, blend a bit of Maybelline Eye Shadow on upper lid.

The world's smartest women depend on Maybelline soft eye make-up for heart-stirring beauty. Today, let Maybelline magic bring out the unsuspected loveliness of your eyes!

Maybelline



Sit Down-LEAN BACK- LA-Z-BOY LEANS BACK WITH YOU

Sit down. Lean back. La-Z-Boy leans back with you . . . to the comfort-angle you want — and stays there! No other chair in the world thinks of your comfort-mood like La-Z-Boy. It's the only automatic reclining chair (no buttons, no levers). See it — try it — at your furniture dealer today. Over 20 styles . . . wide choice of colours and coverings . . . to match your style preference.



LA-Z-BOY has "FLEX-O-LOC" upholstery springs.

The exclusive La-Z-Boy action is protected by Patent No. 395678

For descriptive folder, write Dept. M-266

DELUXE UPHOLSTERING COMPANY LIMITED, WATERLOO, ONTARIO



Get set for spring with this attractive and functional ensemble. A trim daytime suit with the new low-collared jacket; a late-day sheath on its own; or a warm-weather casual with short-sleeved jacket. Pattern 4558, 12-20, 50 cents.

Order from your Simplicity pattern dealer or from the Pattern Dept., Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto.

MAKE IT FROM A PATTERN

WOMEN OF WINNIPEG

Continued from page 11

Much of the energy is poured into two channels—a spirited effort to coax culture into bloom on the muddy banks of the Red River and an insatiable zeal for worthy welfare projects. In both fields Winnipeg proudly claims several impressive firsts. In 1939 the city started a mammoth depot for its women volunteers. The idea was copied all across the country. After the war these volunteer organizations in other Canadian cities closed up shop but Winnipeg's Central Volunteer Bureau is still throbbing with the activity of three thousand volunteers who tally up thirty-five thousand service hours a year. Nine years after the war Winnipeg women still conscientiously save bacon grease, old papers and clothes and shove them out for collection by the Patriotic Salvage Corps. Every year when the Red Cross or Community Chest drive rolls around, Winnipeg's famous Block Plan charges into action with fourteen hundred and ninety-five women, each canvassing all the houses in her block. In ten years the Block Plan has collected over one million dollars and for several years the Manitoba Division has been the first in Canada to reach its quota in Red Cross drives.

The city is culture keen. Besides the biggest musical festival in the world it has a fine symphony, the most imposing civic auditorium in Canada, and the Royal Winnipeg Ballet.

Educationally, too, Winnipeg women are advanced. While most Canadian cities have plenty of women teachers, few have women principals. Winnipeg has twenty-six and one woman school inspector. In this life-is-earnest-life-is-real atmosphere it's not surprising that the women waste little time in idly passing the time of day. "Practically nobody holds a tea for fun any more," reports Pearl L'Ami, women's editor of the Winnipeg Free Press. As a matter of fact teas are on the wane in Winnipeg. It's a city where the coffee party thrives. From eleven to two almost every week day all winter long, there are at least two big ones percolating for some worthy cause at the Hudson's Bay or Eaton's and dozens of smaller ones bubbling away in private homes. The fare is generally an open-faced sandwich, cake and coffee. "It's substantial enough for lunch and that way we catch the business girl," explains one practical matron.

Winnipeg women have always been a hardy brisk breed. They had to be. In the early days when they were dumped in the midst of warring Indians and rival trading companies, they not only baked, bore children and kept a spotless cabin but they clothed the whole family with their spinning wheels and frequently had to cope with prairie fire and Red River floods. The first white woman seen in the district was a little Scottish lass who came over to Canada, disguised as a man, searching for her lover. The story has a sad ending. She found him but he rejected her and she went sorrowfully back across the sea again. She took with her, however, the first white baby born in the district.

The second woman was Marie Ann Lejmonière, a Canadienne who became

the grandmother of Louis Riel. Marie married a voyageur and spent the rest of her life trailing around the wilds of the west on pack ponies after him. Once on a buffalo hunt, with the baby who was to become Louis' mother strapped in an Indian moss bag on the saddle, her mount suddenly bolted and joined a stampeding herd of buffalo. No efforts on her part could stop him and not until she had spent several hours racing pell-mell across the prairie accompanied by several thousand buffalo, did her hus-

band finally succeed in catching her horse. Marie descended from the saddle, lay down on the bare ground and gave birth to a son, whom she named Laprairie, stuffed the child in another moss bag and continued on her way. She bore two more children after that and died in Winnipeg, a near-indestructible ninety-six.

The women of Winnipeg have proved their mettle in other ways. Mrs. A. G. H. Bannatyne, wife of a storekeeper, once horsewhipped a young surveyor all down

the main street and back because he wrote a slurring article about the local women in the Toronto Globe.


True to character the women of Winnipeg have been working for the welfare of babies almost from the time the first child was born in the city. Margaret Scott, the town's Florence Nightingale, turned to typing to earn a living after her husband died. While tapping out sermons for a minister, she was inflamed with missionary zeal, quit her job, became the town's first welfare



ARLENE DAHL, starring in
"HERE COME THE GIRLS"

A Paramount Picture

Color by Technicolor

The most breath-taking complexions in Hollywood
are cared for with  Lux Toilet Soap

Make this Hollywood Beauty Care
your secret of lovelier skin

What a radiant complexion—so delicate
and shimmering. Arlene Dahl has the kind of
skin that takes a man's heart away.

Daily Lux Toilet Soap facials can make any
girl's complexion more alluring... sweeter,
smoother—even after the very first cake.
Let Lux beauty care bring new softness,
new freshness—a new loveliness to your
skin—today!

Preferred by 9 out of 10 Screen Stars

"Don't Fool With Pimples"



by
MARCELLA HOLMES
(Former Beauty Editor of "Glamour" Magazine)

"As a beauty editor many people have asked me, 'what should I do for pimples?' I always say, don't try just anything on them! Acne-type pimples are a serious condition that if neglected can permanently mar your looks. So use a medication specifically developed for pimples, and not multi-purpose skin creams or ointments that are claimed to be 'also good for pimples.'

"You see, general purpose creams and ointments do not provide in a fast-drying greaseless base the special medical ingredients so necessary in the treatment of pimples. But fortunately, today, there's a scientific medicated formulation developed especially to clear pimples, that has proven its effectiveness in actual use by thousands in Canada and the U. S. This new formulation is called CLEARASIL.

New-Type Greaseless "Base"

"The special medications in the CLEARASIL formula are contained in a new-type oil-free 'base.' This new 'base' material is not only greaseless but is also oil-absorbing, actually helps remove excess oil from skin that au-

thorities agree is a major factor in acne. In fact, CLEARASIL has such remarkable drying action that it clears and dries pimples surprisingly fast.

"CLEARASIL is antiseptic, stopping growth of bacteria that may cause and spread pimples. And since it is non-greasy, stainless, it may be left on day and night for uninterrupted medication.

Skin-Colored—Hides Pimples

"This new CLEARASIL medication is skin-colored to hide pimples while it works, and to end the embarrassment of pimples instantly.

"So again I advise, don't fool with pimples. General purpose creams and ointments have their proper uses, but don't depend on them for treatment of pimples. Treat this specific condition with a special pimple medication."

Reader's Digest reported on clinical tests using CLEARASIL type medication. CLEARASIL has helped so many boys, girls and adults that it is now the largest-selling special pimple medication in America. It must work for you or money back. Only 69¢. Large economy size \$1.19. At all druggists. Get CLEARASIL today.



* Trade Mark Registered

Newlands' **Kroy Baby Wool** is the softest, warmest, most beautiful baby yarn you've ever used. For those snuggly little woolies so important for your baby's comfort... whatever baby things you want to knit... you may select a variety of soft baby colours. And if you prefer Newlands Nylon Crimp Set yarn for your baby you may be assured of this... all Newlands yarns will make your knitting look better, last longer, and keep shape even after countless washings... it won't shrink, ever!

for soft
snuggly
baby things



For over three generations...
SINCE 1884...
women have depended on
Newlands for fine wools.

Newlands
C1195A

baby yarns
*Kroy BABY
CRIMP SET NYLON
SOAKER PACKS

worker, established the city's first public nurse and child's hygiene clinic.

Amelia Yoemans, widowed at thirty-six, took up medicine and became the town's first woman doctor. In her spare time, between races to beat the stork by sleigh, pony, cart or canoe, she carried on a double-barreled crusade for Winnipeg women's right to vote and against Winnipeg men's right to drink.

As one of the city's pioneer suffragettes, Amelia Yoemans was typical of her time. As early as the 1890s a group of Icelandic women had founded a pioneer movement that waged a war for women's rights for twenty-five years.

As a result of all the agitation, Manitoba was the first province to grant its women full political privileges. In January 1916, women got the vote and in 1920 Mrs. Edith Rogers took her seat in the provincial legislature. But indefatigable as they are, the women of Winnipeg haven't been able to carry off many more prizes in the political game.

Only five women have been elected as city council members and Winnipeg has never sent a woman to Ottawa. One woman who brought national recognition to Winnipeg in another direction was E. Cora Hind. For over thirty years, as agricultural editor of the Winnipeg Free Press, she was the oracle of the western wheat farmer, the Grain Exchange and the federal government—all of whom used to wait breathlessly for her annual wheat-crop prediction. Clad in a buckskin jacket, high boots and white stetson, Cora would rattle through seven thousand miles of wheat belt each summer, do some mental calculation and then announce an estimate down to the last bushel. When she died in 1942 even the London Times carried her obit.

Following in these illustrious and giant footsteps the average woman of Winnipeg today keeps pace well. As a housewife, she is proud to be able to manage her home expertly with time left over for community work. She is the sort of woman who makes her own clothes, paints her own kitchen, and can change a washer in a leaky tap just as competently as her husband. Because of her improve-each-shining-hour philosophy of life, she is quite likely to be found taking a night course in anything from pottery-making to ancient Greek, but she is not a culture snob: she roots just as enthusiastically for the Blue Bombers as she does for the ballet.

In dress she is neat but rarely chic. She buys most of her clothes locally with occasional week-end sorties to Minneapolis. She goes in for little make-up, visits hairdressers irregularly. She likes tailored tweeds, and is apt to wear a kerchief for neighborhood shopping because of Winnipeg's winds. If she worked before she was married, she probably blew her first cheque on the down payment on a fur coat, which she considers a necessity in Winnipeg.

Almost to a woman she cooks with electricity and is proud that the rate hasn't gone up since 1913. She summers at the family cottage, which rarely has electric lights and indoor plumbing, at Lake Winnipeg or the Whiteshell. She plays and works (mostly works) hard. She is independent, resourceful, confident, a credit to her city, a moving force in its life—a woman of Winnipeg. +

In April Chatelaine:
The Women of London, Ontario

Evenflo... Best For Baby



Mom's Little Helper

Les Helgeland, editor Yankton (S.D.) Public Opinion, sends us this picture of his little daughter Patty feeding her baby brother. Evenflo's Twin Air Valve Nipple provides such smooth, precision feeding it is no trick for little girls to help Mom at baby feeding time. Mr. Helgeland says that Patty, too, was raised with Evenflo—the nurser that is used by more mothers than all others combined. Get Evenflo at any infants or drug counter.

HAROLD F. RITCHIE & Co., Ltd., Distributor
Vancouver • Winnipeg • Montreal • Toronto



Used in Leading Hospitals
"America's Most Popular Nurser"

for BABY'S TUMMY UPSETS

Give Baby's Own Tablets. Sweet, simple little tablets. Used for over 50 years to quickly help relieve minor digestive upsets, gas, constipation and fretfulness resulting from irregularity at teething time. No "sleepy" stuff—no dulling effect. Get a package today at your druggist.



BABY'S OWN TABLETS

Best for
Baby's Coughs



Specially formulated for babies!
Breaks up phlegm—eases wheezing.

BABY ROSE

Roses from seed the first year

Most unique and novel pot plant, a genuine dwarf house Rose that blooms in 4 to 5 months from seed with clusters of dainty jewel-like baby roses, singles, semi doubles or doubles, in many color variations.

Pkt. 35¢ postpaid.
SPECIAL OFFER: 1 pkt. Baby Rose and 5 pkts. other choice Houseplants, value \$1.60 for \$1.00 postpaid.

FREE BIG 164 PAGE SEED AND NURSERY BOOK FOR 1954

DOMINION SEED HOUSE
GEORGETOWN, ONT.

YOUNG PARENTS



HELP YOUR CHILD TO SLEEP WELL

*A little extra planning will let
you both enjoy his bedtime*

BY ELIZABETH CHANT ROBERTSON, M.D., DIRECTOR, CHILD HEALTH CLINIC

A GOOD MANY PARENTS are worried or at least bothered to some extent about their children's sleeping habits. Youngsters under four are particularly troublesome. Good training will prevent many of the more irritating sleeping habits but some seem to be inevitable and if you can take them in your stride, the family atmosphere will be a good deal calmer.

A young baby sleeps most of the time that he isn't being fed, bathed or changed. It is wiser not to tiptoe around, so that he learns to sleep through the ordinary noises in the house. Very loud sounds frighten him but you prevent them as much as you can anyway. It is best not to have him sleep in your room, particularly after six months of age. You want him to develop independence in his sleeping habits; besides if you share a room with him you will probably wake up when he moves around or makes the slightest noise. If he's by himself you won't hear it. Constant checking to see if he is all right actually disturbs the baby.

As a baby grows older he stays awake more and more and his wakeful periods generally occur at the same time each day. Usually he sleeps after his feeding and it is wise to wash and change him before giving him his meal, so that he will be all ready to settle down. A few babies seem to be stimulated by their food and don't feel sleepy after it. You

can't make them go to sleep and you might just as well accept the alternative cheerfully.

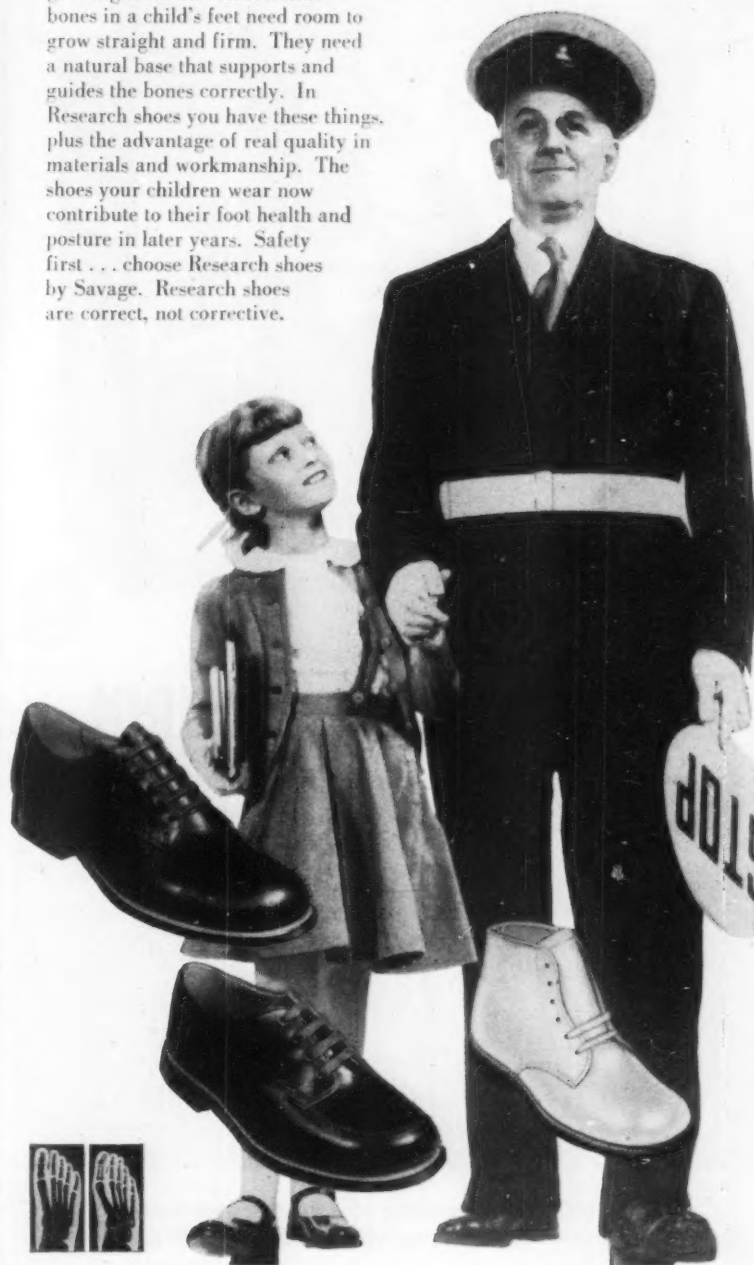
Toward the end of his first year he will probably be having only two naps each day, one in the morning and the other in the afternoon. Sometime in the next six months he will likely give up his morning sleep. At this age, of course, he is having three meals a day and you may find that he is so sleepy by noon that he can't eat his dinner properly. You can get around this by giving him his meal at 11.30 or even 11.00 a.m. for a few weeks. Then you can gradually move his dinner time on until he has it at twelve o'clock or later if it suits you better. Remember that you are less likely to have trouble if you make all your changes in his routine gradually.

He's used to going to bed at night in his sleepers. They condition or make him more susceptible to sleep. So it is a good plan to get him ready for bed before his noon meal. Put him to bed as soon as he has finished, so that he can have a good sleep before three o'clock. With children from two to four years this works especially well, because in their sleepers they won't badger you to go out to play before their nap.

A darkened, quiet, well-ventilated room will also help them to sleep. Some youngsters, usually the placid type, will keep up their naps until they

Safety first in foot care too . . .

You guard a child's health and safety in so many ways, and not the least important is the care you give to growing feet. The 52 soft little bones in a child's feet need room to grow straight and firm. They need a natural base that supports and guides the bones correctly. In Research shoes you have these things, plus the advantage of real quality in materials and workmanship. The shoes your children wear now contribute to their foot health and posture in later years. Safety first . . . choose Research shoes by Savage. Research shoes are correct, not corrective.



X-rays of child's foot showing proper development at left, distortion caused by faulty footwear at right.

There are Savage Shoes in every price range.

You'll find them under these brand names:

HURLBUT • JACK & JILL • BUNNYFOOT
RED SCHOOL HOUSE • CHUMS • SANDY SAVAGE

RESEARCH Shoes by Savage

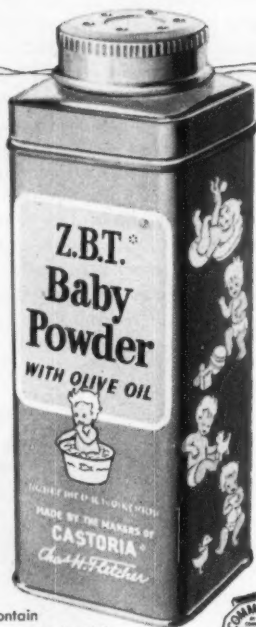
SAVAGE SHOES LIMITED • PRESTON, ONTARIO

Moisture-Proof

Your Baby Against Diaper Irritation



Z.B.T. Baby Powder with Olive Oil soothes like powder, protects like oil. Moisture-proofs skin against irritating acid-moisture of wet diapers and perspiration. Actually sheds moisture, does not absorb it. Guards against painful chafing, prickly heat, urine scald, and diaper rash. Keeps skin dry, comfortable. At every bath and diaper change, use Z.B.T. Baby Powder.



Does not contain zinc stearate or boric acid



USED BY OVER 1700 HOSPITALS

NOW! Children's Size ASPIRIN WITH A FLAVOUR YOUNGSTERS LOVE!

So Delicious, They Willingly...



CHEW IT—
or let it melt
on the tongue



DRINK IT—
dissolved
in water



MIX IT—
with their
food

No more coaxing, fussing or fretting when your child needs Aspirin!
For new Children's Size Aspirin tastes like your child's favourite candy!

Here's wonderful news, mother! Now when your child needs Aspirin, he'll take it gladly—without any fuss or bother. For Children's Size Aspirin now comes in a flavoured form that children like.

And you'll find it convenient to use, too. For each flavoured Children's Size Aspirin tablet contains just

half the amount of a regular size Aspirin tablet. That ends the nuisance of having to break a tablet in half in order to give your child the usually prescribed dosage.

So buy new flavoured Children's Size Aspirin—and keep it handy at all times, so that you'll have it ready whenever your child needs it. 24 tablets cost only 29¢.



**Flavoured
Children's Size**

ASPIRIN

T.M. REG. IN CANADA

are four or even five years old. The longer the better. Other more active children may stop at three years. You'll find that they will sleep on some days and not on others. They don't just sleep less and less each day. When they do finally stop sleeping during the day, you would be very wise to train them to take a quiet rest in bed with a picture book or some toys. You know how hard they are to manage when they get overtired and a lot of mothers make trouble for themselves and their youngsters by doing away with their naps or rests too soon. A child is much more likely to fall asleep if he lies still, so any scheme that encourages this will help.

Warn Them First

You will find it very useful to stick to a regular hour for your child's bedtime at night. Naturally it becomes gradually later as he grows older. Some parents of preschool youngsters put them to bed at nine o'clock or even later in the hope that they will sleep in the morning. They do sleep a little later but they don't make up in the morning for what they have lost, as the usual morning noises waken them. So you will find it a real advantage to put them to bed about seven o'clock, and you'll have less trouble later on in training them to get up in time for school.

Because there are so many other interesting things they'd like to do, many youngsters don't like going to bed. It may help if you can sell them on the idea that bed is a nice place after a busy day and that even the birds, dogs, horses and cows go to sleep at night and wake up in the morning full of vim and vigor. Children should never be put to bed as a punishment, since you want them to be pleasantly disposed toward it. Warn your child at least five minutes before bedtime so he'll have time to finish what he's doing—or at least find a good place to stop. Be firm but reasonable about the time and allow exceptions only very occasionally, especially with the younger ones. If they find they can talk you out of it, you'll be in for a lot of arguments which excite them and make it harder for them to settle down. Noisy romps and thrilling or gruesome radio programs or stories at bedtime have the same disturbing effect. On the other hand a quiet game or story or a talk about the day's doings helps calm them down.

A child sleeps better if he has a bed or cot of his own, and a room all to himself is ideal. Light but warm bedclothes are best. Two- or three-year-olds are especially keen on their parents' company and often they will climb out of bed and trot into the living room. The experts advise putting them back promptly, no matter how often they do it, but without punishing them or getting angry. They are very curious about what is going on, and if their bedroom can be far enough away so that it is out of earshot, that helps. Often they demand quite a ritual when they are going to bed: their doll and teddy must be put to bed, kissed good night and so on. Some authorities think such performances unwise while others permit them, but warn you to keep them within reasonable bounds.

Hurrying a child off to bed often leads to crying and misbehavior. If you are going out for the evening, tell him so

*If you're dyeing
to save—*



**Save
MORE
with
ALL-FABRIC
TINTEX**



Save more than ever on all your dyeing with the new economy size package of All-fabric Tintex. You get 2½ ounces for only 25¢—the best dye value in Canada!

Choose from 34 fashionable shades at drug, department and variety stores. Also, COLOR REMOVER and WHITEX—the wonder blueing.

**All-fabric
TINTEX** 15¢ size
25¢ size
WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING
TINTS AND DYES

Now Many Wear

FALSE TEETH

With More Comfort

FASTEETH, a pleasant alkaline (non-acid) powder, holds false teeth more firmly. To eat and talk in more comfort, just sprinkle a little FASTEETH on your plates. No gummy, gooey, pasty taste or feeling. Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). Get FASTEETH at any drug counter.



Hair OFF Face

Lips...Arms...Legs

Now Happy! After trying many things, I developed a simple, inexpensive method to remove unsightly hair. Its regular use helps thousands retain admiration, love, happiness. My FREE book explains method, proves success. Mailed in plain envelope. Also TRIAL OFFER. Write ANNETTE LANZETTE, P.O. Box 600, Dept. C-780, Toronto, Ont.

New Hearing Aid Without Tubes

Costly B-Battery eliminated! All battery costs slashed 80%! Powered by 3 genuine Raytheon Transistors! Vacuum tubes banished forever! For full information, use handy coupon below. No obligation whatsoever. A postcard will do.

Electronic Research Director
Belton Hearing Aid Co., Dept. 1402
2900 W. 36th St., Chicago 32, Ill.

Please rush complete facts on new miracle all-transistor tubeless hearing aid.

Name
Address
City Prov.



GEE MOM it tastes SWELL!

Yes, Johnny, just like a piece of chocolate. No medicine taste at all, but it is grand medicine. This little tablet is Ex-Lax — the gentle acting, dependable laxative that relieves constipation without stomach upset.

Convenient to take, too. No spoon, no glass, no mixing, no measuring. Not too strong, not too mild. Ex-Lax is the "happy medium" laxative — for all members of the family — when nature needs help. You'll be glad you tried the Ex-Lax Way!

Good for Children and Adults

EX-LAX

The Chocolated Laxative

RANGE-GREASE
easily
removed

Just apply Kleenoff, leave
awhile and then wash off.
It's so easy!

Kleenoff



**50 SPOOLS
SEWING
THREAD \$1**

40 Different Colors, plus black and white. Amazing bargain! 50 spools of thread, every color you can think of — only \$1. That's only 2¢ a spool! Perfect for mending, darning, sewing, patching. All colors. (10 shades of blue alone!) Easy to match any color fabric. Fine quality, No. 50, mercerized thread. Rush \$1 with name and address. Money-Back Guarantee. Only 3 orders to a customer. No C.O.D.'s please. Barclay Grant & Co., Dept. M-50, 660 St. Catherine St. West, Montreal, P.Q.



and have a sitter on hand whom he knows and likes. Most youngsters of this age like to take something to bed for company and there is no objection to this. When he wakes early, as most young children do, the toys he has in bed will help to keep him quiet. Sometimes putting him on the toilet at ten or eleven p.m. will delay his waking, or a more substantial supper may help, but often nothing you can do will make him sleep past six o'clock. Fortunately it is a passing phase. Youngsters between three and four can usually be taught to shut their windows, put on their dressing gowns and slippers and play quietly when they wake up.

Many babies cry for a few minutes after they are put to bed. This is sometimes called the "testing" cry and if they subside soon, nothing needs to be done about it. If they cry longer and harder they are probably uncomfortable and you had better go in to see if they are wet or "windy." Some youngsters wake up in the middle of the night and sing or talk. Here the advice is to do nothing. You can't make them go to sleep anyway and if you go to them, they may learn to cry for your company. If they let out a half-hearted cry when they are half asleep it is best to ignore it. If they cry loudly or scream, they are probably having a frightening nightmare and need to be comforted. Nightmares are more common after too much excitement, either pleasant or unpleasant.

Fear of the Dark

All the experts are agreed that it is a very bad plan to take the child into your bed, even though your husband is away. Children twist and turn quite a lot in their sleep and this will certainly disturb you. Also the child will object vigorously to going back to his own bed later on. It is most unwise to talk about burglars, kidnapers and fires at night in the presence of young children. They understand far more than we often realize and may be very frightened by such stories. If you are afraid to stay alone at night they may easily sense your fear and feel the same way. Fear of the dark may have been suggested to them by one of their playmates. Leaving their door partly open with a light in the hall or a dim light in their own room will probably help them get over this. Showing them the shining moon and the twinkling stars and reassuring them also helps.

Sufficient sleep is necessary to keep your child healthy, good-tempered and able to enjoy and profit from his experiences. If he has had enough sleep, he will wake up of his own accord. A study carried out in Minnesota on one thousand children showed that those from two to seven years averaged eleven hours' sleep at night. Only a few of the seven-year-olds slept less than ten and a half hours. Also they discovered that the more intelligent and well-educated the mothers, the more sleep their children got. They found that the youngsters took twenty minutes on the average to fall asleep, so this needn't worry you. Between seven and thirteen years, the amount of sleep gradually decreased from eleven to nine hours per night. They recommended ten o'clock as a suitable regular bedtime for children of high-school age. Of course if your child prefers an earlier bedtime so much the better. *

*A joy
forever*

Your silverware
is a thing of
beauty, so cherish
it and display
its full glory by
regular cleaning
with Silvo.

— made especially
for silver.



Silverware by Georg Jensen



U-55-1



JAR \$1.10
TUBE .63c

AT ALL
DRUGGISTS

Made in
Canada

NIVEA PHARMACEUTICALS LTD.



*Not a hair
out of place*

**PRINCESS PAT
HAIR NETS**

save the premium coupons

Continued from page 59

now and the doctor says it's just three-month colic. He said . . ."

"Billie cried like that for three months, night and day until I thought I would go crazy. One night he had been crying four hours when my husband and I . . ."

Matched-anecdote conversations can be treacherous for a bride. One dewy little newlywed was aghast when the conversation on her front sidewalk opened: "My husband only wears the tops of his pyjamas to bed and I said to him last night . . ."

"Well, we ought to get together. My husband only wears the bottoms and I sometimes think . . ."

"I've got something on the stove," quavered the bride, and fled.

Then there are the neighbors who like to drop in unexpectedly. "Yoo hoo," one will call, jogging into the living room and wiping a finger across the coffee table to test for dust. "Are you home, Elsie? I want to tell you the funny thing Linda just said." Elsie, in a nightgown and curlers, is dreading preparing lunch for her children and would be delighted to charter her neighbor a

slow boat to Devil's Island. Sensitive as a seismograph, the drop-in neighbor never appears when Elsie is fresh from her bath and the house gleams.

Apartment-house living requires from newlyweds a special brand of endurance and saintliness of spirit. Human frailties, inconsequential when viewed across the expanse of a lawn and driveway, loom as bloated abnormalities when they are separated only by cardboard walls and ceilings. In such proximity normally tolerant women fight bitter and senseless skirmishes in the basement for possession of the laundry tubs while their husbands stalk angrily around carelessly parked cars that block the garage. The halls become a no-man's-land of tiptoeing, snide giggles and slammed doors, all full of insult.

And just to ensure that the adults will be kept in perpetual disaffection, there are children, a heavier concentration of children than the older sections of the city have ever known—children who dig up and peel tulip bulbs, cut paths across the new lawns and holes in the new cedar hedge, empty the milk bottles, let the air out of

automobile tires, stick out their tongues, bean one another with rocks and write in crayon on the front door.

In one's own children such pranks are part of the normal pattern of growing up, leading inevitably to a Ph.D. in nuclear physics; in the neighbors' children such acts are milestones on the road to the penitentiary.

Neighbors without children in the more established parts of a city can retain an aura of mystery. By affecting a slight hustle they can hurry past the morning paper-bringing-in set with only a nod; an air of weary distraction parries familiarities from the lawn-mowing set in the evenings. In between times the blithe strangers are free to paint murals, stuff bodies in their kitchen walls, dive for oysters or live in sin without their neighbors suspecting.

This cloak of dignified withdrawal vanishes the instant the couple breeds a child and moves into the fresh clean air of the subdivision. The first morning the child sets out to play he is met by a neighbor. "Hello there, little fellow," she says to him. "What's your name?"

"Charlie," responds the child readily. "Mommy's crying because Daddy told her to close her big, fat trap."

These misfortunes will even off; next week that neighbor's daughter will tell everyone on the street that Mommy's new dress used to belong to Aunt Jane.

A small, dimpled, curly-haired, dreamy-eyed child of two can cause as much disturbance in a neighborhood as a column of tanks. Every neighborhood has a cold war in progress that would chill the Kremlin—some mother banished from the morning coffee clique, because her offspring has been pronounced a brat.

An essential that every new bride should learn is that the mothers in a neighborhood form themselves into cliques based not on a common age, income, education, or preference for Burt Lancaster but on their system of disciplining their children. Regardless of their other differences two women who believe firmly that sparing the rod spoils the child are destined for a lasting friendship; followers of Dr. Benjamin Spock find one another enchanting; adherents of Dr. William Blatz hold daily conferences to reaffirm their admiration for one another.

The new arrival is not exempt from this caste system. The moment she opens her mouth to say "I agree with you—biting them back is probably the only cure," she is nailed. Any weak-minded woman who vacillates between strident theorists is considered fair game. Until she chooses a side she is crushed beneath a ton of conflicting advice every time she steps outside to shake a duster.

Whatever their shortcomings, the newcomer to a modern neighborhood will find her neighbors as essential today as they were in the time of the pioneers. By sticking together, neighbors agitate to get sewers, telephones, schools, mail delivery and paved roads. There is always a neighbor who can connect an electric stove, replace a zipper, make chicken chow mein, grow strawberries in a barrel, build a boat, repair a television set or wax skis.

Neighbors are indispensable for borrowing: gardeners borrow lawn rollers, the sophisticated set borrows ice for cocktails, cooks borrow garlic and thyme, mothers borrow tinned baby food and rectal thermometers, every-

body borrows bread, men borrow extension ladders, children borrow overnight bags.

The heroism and selflessness that distinguished neighbors during bombing raids in England occur in every peaceful Canadian neighborhood that is touched by disaster. The Winnipeg flood found neighbors who hadn't spoken in ten years passing sandbags to protect a stranger's home and lesser mishaps can produce the same inspiring effect.

For example, a mother of two small children received a telegram one afternoon that her father was dying. Too numb to think, she hurried next door to tell her neighbor. Within a half hour her children were settled in neighbors' homes for the rest of the week; someone brought in her washing; someone else phoned the airline and got her a reservation on the next plane and a stranger a block away, who heard of the commotion, drove her to the airport. The husband that night had dinner with the neighbors. There was a light in his kitchen window however—another neighbor was doing the ironing.

Revolving such virtues as these in her mind, one bride recently came to the eccentric conclusion that all her neighbors were perfect, but particularly the one two doors down. "We're so lucky to have such wonderful neighbors, dear," she observed to her husband that evening. "Especially Margaret."

"Which one is Margaret?" her husband enquired, opening his paper.

"The one who brought us that chocolate cake when we moved in."

"Can't place her."

"The one with that sweet little boy who says, 'Yes, sir, to you.'"

"Still can't place her," replied the husband, scrutinizing the hockey standings. "Of course you know her," the wife continued. "She's the one who gave us all those tulip bulbs."

"Once and for all," said the husband coldly, "I haven't the faintest idea who you're talking about."

"Sweetheart, you do know her," insisted the wife. "She's the one with the overdeveloped chest, the girl who . . ."

"Yipe!" exclaimed the husband delightedly, putting down his paper. "That one! Why didn't you say so in the first place. Of course I know the one you mean. A lovely woman. You're absolutely right. That girl is a sensational neighbor."

The bride has changed her mind. There really is no such thing as a perfect neighbor.

Except her. +

FLINT
FOOD MIXER

- Handiest, easiest, quickest for any mixing job!
- Nylon gears for a lifetime of smooth running!
- Counter-rotating blades, pitched to mix better—without spatter!
- Always ready when you want it—out of the way when you don't!

Perfect for whipping, beating, blending or mixing . . . for every job from whipping cream to mashing potatoes. The Flint, precision-built to last a smooth lifetime is the most economical food mixer you can own. You'll never believe a mixer could work so well, be so easy to use and clean.

Made and gift-boxed by

EKCO

...greatest name in housewares

FLINT



*Do any mixing job with the **FLINT...** and you'll never want any other mixer!*



Flint Wall Type Can Opener
Opens cans of any size or shape without leaving jagged edges. Cuts out entire top. Cutting and driving wheels of specially hard carbon steel for long life. Folds against wall when not in use.

Sold at hardware, department, gift and appliance stores all over Canada.

SS.MA-14

EKCO PRODUCTS COMPANY (CANADA) LIMITED • 376 BIRCHMOUNT ROAD • TORONTO 13

NOW—She's Got Exciting ZIP and GLOW

...and Plenty of Beaux

Don't envy her charm or radiant health! Make it yours the way thousands of pale, listless, anemic people are doing—with Dr. Williams' Pink Pills. By revitalizing and enriching your bloodstream, Dr. Williams' Pink Pills may bring you new pep, energy, joy in life—often in only 30 days. So start today! Get back "in the pink" with



DR. WILLIAMS' PINK PILLS



TRADE MARK REGISTERED

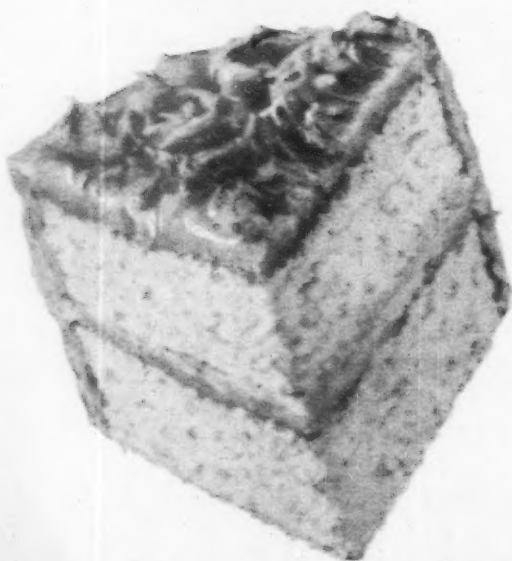
Always ask for Trademarked
WABASSO COTTONS



For
Better cakes
every time!



- in only 4 minutes mixing time
- you get higher, lighter cakes
- you save 5 to 8 cents per pound



A PRODUCT OF CANADA PACKERS



There is no better shortening than **NEW DOMESTIC** at any price!

3

e
s
d

e !

1954

March 1954

Sun Mon Tue Wed Thur Fri Sat

ASH WEDNESDAY

	I	2	3	4	5	6
7	8	9	10	11	12	13
14	15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22	23	24	25	26	27
28	29	30	31			